

BLUE RIBBON



COMICS



ACTION! MYSTERY! THRILLS!

JUNE No.4 10¢

**CONTEST
WINNERS
ANNOUNCED**



**CORPORAL
COLLINS**

"INFANTRYMAN"

BIRO

**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

Boys! G-MAN OUTFIT with LIE DETECTOR

MAIL THE
COUPON
TO START

**Earn This Thrilling Prize or Any of 300 Others
and Make Spending Money Every Week, Besides!**

SH-H-H! Here's the secret. You can become a Junior G-Man with this scientific outfit. Includes 100-power microscope, radial lie detector, chemicals, and mysterious dyes. Pounce upon that strange fingerprint, run down the "suspect," then slap a lie detector on his arm as you begin your questioning. One of the most thrilling games imaginable.

This is but one of the many prizes you can earn, besides making your own MONEY. It's easy. Just deliver our popular magazines to people you obtain as customers in your neighborhood. Soon you'll have a money-making, prize-earning business. We'll make it so easy for you to start that you can earn a model plane kit the first day. Mail coupon NOW

**Fly Your Own
PLANE**

**Earn Sports
Equipment**

EASY

SOCK



With our book of inside dope you can soon pull amazing feats of magic that will make your chums goggle-eyed! Get in on the fun. Earn prizes. Make money. To start, mail coupon.

**Become
an Ace
Magician**



Speedy Streamlined Bike

IMAGINE yourself diving out of bed, racing downstairs, and finding THIS bike on your doorstep. Imagine leaping upon the cushion-soft saddle, pressing the pedals, and zooming down the street with a flash! Large balloon tires, side-kick stand, matched horn and headlight!

This need not be an idle dream. You can have a bike of your own. You can have other dandy prizes, such as a gold watch, a movie machine, or a portable typewriter. You can have MONEY jingling in your pockets. The way to do it is to build up a business of your own, and deliver our magazines in your neighborhood. It's easy to start. Mail the coupon now.

Ever built a plane of your own, stood on tip-toe to launch it, felt it "tug" to go, then watched it zoom into the sky? What a thrill to see your own creation FLYING! Earn the latest bombing or racing kits. Mail coupon.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!

**Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. 951
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio**

Dear Jim: Sure I want to claim some of your wonderful prizes and make my own spending money. Send me your PRIZE BOOK showing nearly 300 prizes boys can earn, and help me get off to a flying start.

Name.....Address.....

City.....State.....Your Age.....

**THIS BIKE
CAN BE
YOURS!**



RANG-A-TANG

THE WONDER DOG

by Ed Smalle and Joe Blair



HARDLY EVER IN HISTORY HAS SUCH FAITH EXISTED BETWEEN MAN AND BEAST AS EXISTS BETWEEN RANG-A-TANG, THE WONDER DOG, AND HIS MASTER, HY SPEED, THE ACE DETECTIVE. SIDE BY SIDE, THE TWO WAGE A NEVER-ENDING BATTLE FOR LAW AND ORDER RANG-A-TANG, WITH HIS SUPER-SENSITIVE EYES AND EARS, HIS UNERRING SENSE OF SMELL AS WELL AS HIS AMAZING STRENGTH AND AGILITY, MORE THAN MAKES UP FOR HIS INABILITY TO SPEAK.....

IN THIS EPISODE, THE WONDER DOG AND HIS MASTER ARE ENJOYING A VACATION CRUISE TO CALIFORNIA VIA THE PANAMA CANAL ABOARD THE S.S. PLACIDA.....

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE SHIP DOCKS AT COLON, PANAMA!

HEY! I JUST GOT TO SLEEP! WHAT'S THE IDEA, RANG?



LEAD ON, RANG! I GUESS YOU HEARD SOMETHING I MISSED!



BERT PINE HAS BEEN MURDERED, SPEED!

I SEE, AND THIS IS DR. MARLIN, THE INVENTOR OF THE NEW SECRET DEFENSE WEAPON FOR THE CANAL ZONE!

YES, SOMEONE KNEW MY ASSISTANT, BERT PINE, CARRIED HALF THE PLAN FOR THE SECRET WEAPON!

THE WONDER DOG LEADS HY TO STATE-ROOM "D"



SO THEY MURDERED HIM AND TOOK THE PLANS!

YES! I HAVE THE REST OF THE PLANS, AND I'M AFRAID I'LL BE NEXT!

YOU'VE GOT TO STEP IN AND SOLVE THIS, SPEED!

WHILE THE MEN TALK, RANG-A-TANG FINDS A CLUE OUTSIDE THE STATE-ROOM!

GOOD BOY, RANG, YOU'VE GOT THE SCENT! NOW GO GET THE FELLOW WHO OWNS THESE!

SAY, THOSE ARE AN EXACT DUPLICATE OF MARLIN'S GLASSES!

RANG LEADS THEM TO....

A FOREIGN ART DEALER PLAYING SOLITAIRE IN THE GAME ROOM!

SIR! ARE THESE YOUR GLASSES?

BUT YAS! DANK YOU SO MUCH!

BUT THE ART DEALER HAS AN AIR-TIGHT ALIBI.

STEWARD, HAS THIS GENTLEMAN BEEN HERE ALL EVENING?

YES, SIR! THE COUNT'S PLAYED SOLITAIRE ALL NIGHT RIGHT AT THAT TABLE!

I HAVE MISS DESE SINCE TWO DAYS AGO! SOMEONE TAKE DEM FROM MY CABIN!

I'M TRYING TO LOCATE SOME SECRET PLANS.... DID COUNT VON MEISTER DEPOSIT A PACKAGE WITH YOU?

YES, HE DID! ABOUT A HALF-HOUR AGO!

LATER, AT THE PURSER'S OFFICE-

ANY CHANCE FOR ME TO EXAMINE IT?

NOT IF YOU WERE J. EDGAR HOOVER! SHIP'S RULES - SORRY!

AFTER THE PURSER HAS LOCKED UP, HY BREAKS INTO HIS OFFICE!



KEEP A SHARP LOOKOUT, RANG! I HATE TO DO THIS BUT I MUST SEE THAT PACKAGE!

A PASSING OFFICER HEARS HY AS HE MOVES ABOUT



WHO'S IN THERE? OPEN UP!



RANG SPEEDS TO THE TOP DECK.....



UNWINDS ROPE FROM A STANCHION.



AND DROPS THE ROPE OVER THE SHIP'S SIDE!



TRAPPED IN THE PURSER'S OFFICE BELOW, HY SEES THE ROPE OUTSIDE THE PORT HOLE!



NICE WORK, RANG. THIS SAVES MY NECK!

THE DETECTIVE ESCAPES BY CLIMBING UP THE ROPE.



THANKS, OLD FELLOW! TOO BAD, THOUGH — THAT PACKAGE OF THE COUNT'S WAS WORTHLESS TO US!



MAN OVERBOARD! HURRY! HE CAN'T SWIM!



RANG-A-TANG DIVES TO THE RESCUE!

IT LOOKS LIKE MARLIN!

THE
DROWNING
MAN GOES
UNDER!
RANG,
NEAR
EXHAUS-
TION,
STILL
SEARCHES
FOR HIM!



HY
CALLS
HIM
BACK

EASY, OLD BOY,
YOU DID YOUR
BEST!

WHAT A DOG!
BATTLING
THAT SEA!



LATER,
IN
SPEED'S
CABIN...

WELL, SPEED,
IT LOOKS AS
IF SOMEONE
DID GET
MARLIN!

I'M AFRAID SO, CAP-
TAIN. LET'S SEARCH
HIS CABIN AND SEE
IF THE PLANS ARE
GONE!



AT CABIN "D"...

ANYTHING
WRONG,
CAPTAIN?

MARLIN! WE
THOUGHT YOU'D
DROWNED!



RANG! AS YOU WERE!



SUDDENLY, RANG PREPARES TO SPRING AT MARLIN!!

RANG
OBEYS
HIS
MASTER
AND
SADLY
TURNS
AWAY.



KEEP THAT
DOG AWAY
FROM ME!

POOR DOG! HE
PROBABLY
THOUGHT YOU
WERE A GHOST!

HM-I'M
NOT SO
SURE!



CAPTAIN-ORDER EVERYONE ON
BOARD TO LIFEBOAT STATIONS!
WE'LL CHECK EVERYONE, AND
FIND OUT WHO WENT
OVERBOARD!



AT LIFE-BOAT STATION "6" THEY FIND A MAN MISSING!

MARTIN WHEELER, EH? LET'S SEE HIS CABIN!



WE'RE IN LUCK, SPEED, HERE'S A PICTURE OF THE MISSING MAN!



FINDING NOTHING MORE OF VALUE, THEY GIVE UP FOR THE NIGHT—HY PROMISES TO GUARD MARLIN CLOSELY UNTIL THE BOAT DOCKS IN THE MORNING!



NEXT MORNING AT COLON—

GOING ASHORE, MR. MARLIN?

YES, I HAVE A CONFERENCE WITH ARMY OFFICIALS!

I'M TAKING CARE OF MARLIN, FLAT-FOOT



RANG SUDDENLY MAKES A DASH FOR MARLIN!

IF THAT GUY'S AN ARMY OFFICER, I'M... HEY! RANG!



RANG COMPLETES A PERFECT FOOT-BALL BODY BLOCK AND.....



MARLIN TURNS OUT TO BE THE MISSING MAN, WHEELER, BUT.....

STORE HOUSE #7



HY IS
HIT!



HURRY, DOC!
RANG HAS
THE SCENT.
WE CAN TRAIL
THOSE FEL-
LWS!

YOU'RE LUCKY.
THAT BULLET
JUST GRAZED
YOU!



THE SHIP'S DOC-
TOR BANDAGES
HY'S WOUNDS!

THE FAITHFUL DOG GIVES UP THE CHASE TO PROTECT
HIS MASTER BY SHIELDING HIM FROM THE BULLETS
WITH HIS OWN BODY!



WITH
HIS
WOUND
PATCHED
UP, HY
AND
RANG
TAKE
UP THE
CHASE!

SO WHEELER AND
THAT ARMY GUY
GOT MOUNTS
HERE!





AS HE RELEASES THE VINE, RANG CRASHES INTO ANOTHER TREE TRUNK....



HY GRABS THE VINE AS IT SWINGS BACK, AND PULLS HIMSELF TO SAFETY!



RANG, OLD BOY,
SNAP OUT OF IT!



GO ON,
SHOOT
HIM!

I'M ALL OUT OF BULLETS!
WE'LL TIE HIM UP AND
DUMP HIM IN THE
LAKE FROM OUR
BOAT!



SNAP IT UP! IF WE GET ACROSS
THE LAKE, WE CAN MAKE IT
TO PANAMA CITY!

OKAY! I CAN SURE USE THE
DOUGH WE'RE GETTIN'
FOR THOSE PLANS!



MEANWHILE, THE SOUND OF A BOAT'S
MOTOR BRINGS RANG TO HIS SENSES!



DISREGARDING THE TRAIL, RANG'S KEEN
EARS TAKES HIM ON THE SHORTEST
ROUTE TO THE LAKE!



THE WONDER DOG TAKES IN
THE SITUATION AT A GLANCE!



HE MANEUVERS FOR
POSITION.....



AS THE BOAT REACHES A JUTTING CLIFF.....



HE JUDGES HIS DISTANCE PERFECTLY.....



RANG LEAPS!



WATCH OUT
FOR ROCKS,
WHEELER!

MEANWHILE, HY SPEED HAS REGAINED
CONSCIOUSNESS!



GET HIM,
RANG!

OUCH! HE'S GOT MY ARM!

OOF!

THIS WILL
SETTLE YOUR
STOMACH,
WHEELER!



RANG-
A-
TANG
FREES
HIS
MASTER
AND
TAKES
UP
VIGIL!

ONE MOVE FROM
EITHER OF YOU
AND RANG WILL
TAKE UP WHERE HE
LEFT OFF!

O.K. FLATFOOT -
JUST KEEP THAT
DOG AWAY FROM
ME - I'LL DO ANY-
THING!

OH! MY
STOMACH!



UNITED STATES ARMY OFFICIALS WILL
BE GLAD TO SEE YOU, WHEELER! AND TO
GET THOSE SECRET PLANS BACK.
- HEAD THIS BOAT FOR COLON,
AND MAKE IT
SNAPPY!



YOU WERE PRETTY CLEVER,
WHEELER! YOU MADE A DEAL
WITH FOREIGN SPIES TO DE-
LIVER MARLIN'S PLANS
TO THEM. THEN.....



YOU DISGUISED YOURSELF AS MARLIN,
AND THUS WERE ABLE TO GET INTO
BERT PINE'S ROOM, WHERE YOU KILLED
HIM AND TOOK HIS HALF OF THE
SECRET PLANS.....



YOU WAYLAID MARLIN, STOLE THE
REST OF THE PLANS, AND THEN
THREW HIM OVERBOARD -
KNOWING HE COULDN'T SWIM!



**SPEED
MARCHES
HIS
PRISONERS
TO ARMY
HEAD-
QUARTERS.**



**YOU'VE GOT ENOUGH
EVIDENCE TO SEND
THESE MEN TO
PRISON FOR A
LONG TIME,
SPEED!**



**THANK YOU, SIR!
BUT THE REAL
CREDIT GOES
TO RANG-A-
TANG!**

**WELL, RANG-A-
TANG! IF YOU
DON'T GET THE
CONGRESSIONAL
MEDAL FOR THIS,
I'M SADLY MIS-
TAKEN!**



**IF RANG COULD TALK, I'M SURE
HE'D TELL YOU IT'S AN HONOR
JUST TO SERVE OUR COUNTRY.**

**RANG-A-
TANG AND
HY SPEED
FACE ONE
OF THEIR
MOST THRILL-
ING ADVENT-
URES IN
THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE
RIBBON
COMICS!**

CONTEST WINNERS

HELLO BOYS AND GIRLS:-

THE CONTEST IS OVER, AND THE WINNING LETTERS HAVE BEEN CHOSEN —

YOU GAVE US QUITE A JOB, BUT IT WAS THE KIND OF A TASK WE WOULD BE GLAD TO HAVE AGAIN, AND MAYBE WILL. WE WISH IT WERE POSSIBLE TO GIVE OUR PERSONAL THANKS TO EVERY BOY AND GIRL WHO SENT IN A LETTER. EVERYONE OF THEM WAS SO WELL WRITTEN, AND SO SINCERE, THAT WE FELT WE HAD KNOWN YOU ALL FOR A LONG TIME. I GUESS WE HAVE AT THAT. RANG-A-TANG HAS BROUGHT US TOGETHER FOR A GOOD MANY MONTHS, AND WILL CONTINUE TO DO SO FOR A GOOD MANY YEARS TO COME.

IT'S A GRAND FEELING TO KNOW THAT RANG-A-TANG HAS BROUGHT US SO MANY NEW FRIENDS. — AND HERE ARE THE WINNERS —

**FIRST PRIZE — \$ 5.00
DAVID SHERMAN — 3459 W. 12TH PLACE, CHICAGO, ILL.**

NEXT TEN WINNERS — \$ 1.00 EACH

**JOSEPH GORMAN, JR. — 220 BERGEN ST. GLOUCESTER, N. J.
PAULINE SWIRSKY — 5800 ENSIGN AVE. CLEVELAND, OHIO
MARIE BECKEN — NORTHOME, MINNESOTA
HENRI MICHAND — DAWSON CREEK, B. C. CANADA
BEATRICE PAPARO — 1931-59TH ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

**BEVERLY HUTT — 80 WINTHROP ST. BROOKLYN, N. Y.
BILL ANDERSON — 364 E. 21ST SOUTH, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH
LEONARD LANDRETH — 3962 GALLIA ST. NEW BOSTON, OHIO
JAMES SUITERO — CORNWALL ON HUDSON, N. Y.
JOHN MANZI — 274 SUMMIT AVE. JERSEY CITY, N. J.**

PLEASE ACCEPT MY PERSONAL CONGRATULATIONS.

HY SPEED

WATCH FOR THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB-NEXT PAGE..

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

MEMBERSHIP

HONOR LEGION

CARE AND TRAINING OF DOGS

EVERYONE loves a dog. That is because down deep inside, everyone is kind, and because everyone seeks companionship. The old adage "man's best friend is his dog" still holds true.

Do you own a dog? Whether you do or whether you don't, you are entitled to join the RANG-A-TANG CLUB and to become a prospect for charter membership in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION.

THE purpose of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB is to have fellowship among dog lovers and dog owners and to promote kindness towards animals. Also, the club wants to help you with any problem concerning your dog. The RANG-A-TANG CLUB'S veterinarian, DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON will furnish to members of the CLUB *absolutely free by mail only*, information about the care and training of dogs.

The letter below from Leonard Lane of 387 E. 91st Street, Brooklyn, New York, is an example of the kind of letter that you can write to the RANG-A-TANG CLUB.

Dear Doctor Slawson:

My dog has been sick for a few days. He eats less than before and has lost his pep. He does not respond when I call him the way he used to. He feels very hot to the touch. Last night he vomited up his food. Please tell me how to feed him.

Sincerely yours,

LEONARD LANE.

HY SPEED

c o Blue Ribbon Comics
160 West Broadway, New York City

Dear Hy Speed:

Please enroll me as a member of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB. I enclose 10c in coin to cover cost of handling. It is understood that I am to receive my membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button.

Name Age.....

(PRINT CLEARLY)

Street Address

City and State.....

OATH

On my honor, I pledge myself to deal kindly with all animals, be they in distress or otherwise. To do a good deed whenever I can. In all places, at all times. I will keep this pledge constantly in my heart and in my mind.

I do so solemnly swear—

Sign name



How to Join

THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB

FILL in the coupon which contains the RANG-A-TANG OATH, and mail it to Hy Speed, together with 10c in coin, to cover handling.

Members of the RANG-A-TANG CLUB will receive an embossed membership card and a RANG-A-TANG button, as well as a *free* copy of Dr. Slawson's Booklet, "Highlights On The Health Of Your Dog and Cat", and the privilege of becoming a charter member in the RANG-A-TANG HONOR LEGION. Members will also be entitled to receive by mail only, the professional advice of DR. ALEXANDER SLAWSON, Veterinarian, absolutely free.

DO YOU have any questions on the care and training of your dog? If you do, membership in the RANG-A-TANG CLUB entitles you to ask your question, and have it answered by the CLUB'S licensed registered Doctor of Veterinary Medicine. Merely fill out the questionnaire printed below and enclose it with your letter, as well as a *stamped self-addressed envelope*. This is important because unless these instructions are followed, your question will not be answered. Address your letter to THE RANG-A-TANG CLUB, 160 West Broadway, New York City.

QUESTIONNAIRE

Print Clearly

Name

Address

Breed of Dog.....

Sex of Dog.....

Approximate Weight

Condition of Coat (Hair).....

Eyes Nose

Bowel Functions

Other Remarks

Watch for the RANG-A-TANG Honor Legion in the July issue, No. 5, of Blue Ribbon Comics.



HERCULES SLAYS THE LION OF NEMEA!!

**MODERN
CHAMPION
OF
JUSTICE**

HERCULES, STRONGEST MAN IN ALL HISTORY, EARNED A PLACE ON MT. OLYMPUS BY WIPING OUT THE EVILS OF ANCIENT GREECE. NOW, ZEUS HAS ORDERED HIM BACK TO EARTH TO RID THE MODERN WORLD OF WARS, GANGSTERS, AND RACKETEERS !!

HERCULES SUDDENLY APPEARS IN THE CENTER OF A MODERN CITY! BEWILDERED FOR A MOMENT, HE STAGGERS INTO A BUSY STREET, AS A TRUCK SPEEDS TOWARD HIM.



HERCULES THINKS THAT THE TRUCK IS A MODERN DRAGON AND ATTACKS IT!!



WITH ONE HAND, HE SWINGS THE COP ALOFT!

OUT OF THE CROWD STEPS A SHREWD PROMOTER OF VAUDEVILLE ACTS.



HERCULES IS TAKEN TO COURT.

HE'S A STRANGER HERE, YOUR HONOR. IF YOU LET HIM GO, I'LL GIVE HIM A JOB, AND KEEP HIM OUT OF TROUBLE!

I WANT THAT GUY IN MY MOB. GET HIM! HE CAN RUB OUT MY ENEMIES A LOT QUIETER THAN GUNS!!

IN THE AUDIENCE:
LEO NYMIA-LION
OF THE
UNDERWORLD!

THAT'S WHAT I WANT TO USE IT FOR!
I WANT YOU TO WIPE OUT A BUNCH
OF KILLERS.

BEAT IT, BOSS.
THE SCABRONI
MOB IS COMIN'!!

THIS IS THE MOB
I MEAN, DO YOUR
STUFF!

HERCULES WADES IN!!

**HERCULES
GOES ON THE STAGE
AS A STRONG MAN !!**

YOU COULD
KILL A GUY PRETTY
EASY, COULDN'T
YOU?

I USE MY STRENGTH
ONLY TO DO GOOD !!

**HERCULES IS CONFRONTED
BY A MACHINE GUNNER.**

YOU ARE A BAD MAN, TOO!

JEEPERS!
THE GUYS LIKE
IRON!

HE HURLS THE
BULLETS BACK
WITH A SPEED
EQUAL TO A GUN
!!!

I WON'T KILL
YOU-ONLY
TEACH YOU
A LESSON!

SCABRONI COMES IN HIMSELF, THINKING THE FIGHT
IS ALL OVER !!

NICE WORK,
HERCULES!

YEAH, YUH
CERTAINLY
SAVED OUR
NECKS !!

HERCULES FLINGS THE GANG BOSS'
HENCHMAN BACK INTO HIS FACE.

WE'LL BUMP OFF THIS GUY
RIGHT NOW!

NO! MAN IN BLUE
UNIFORM TAKE
CARE OF HIM!

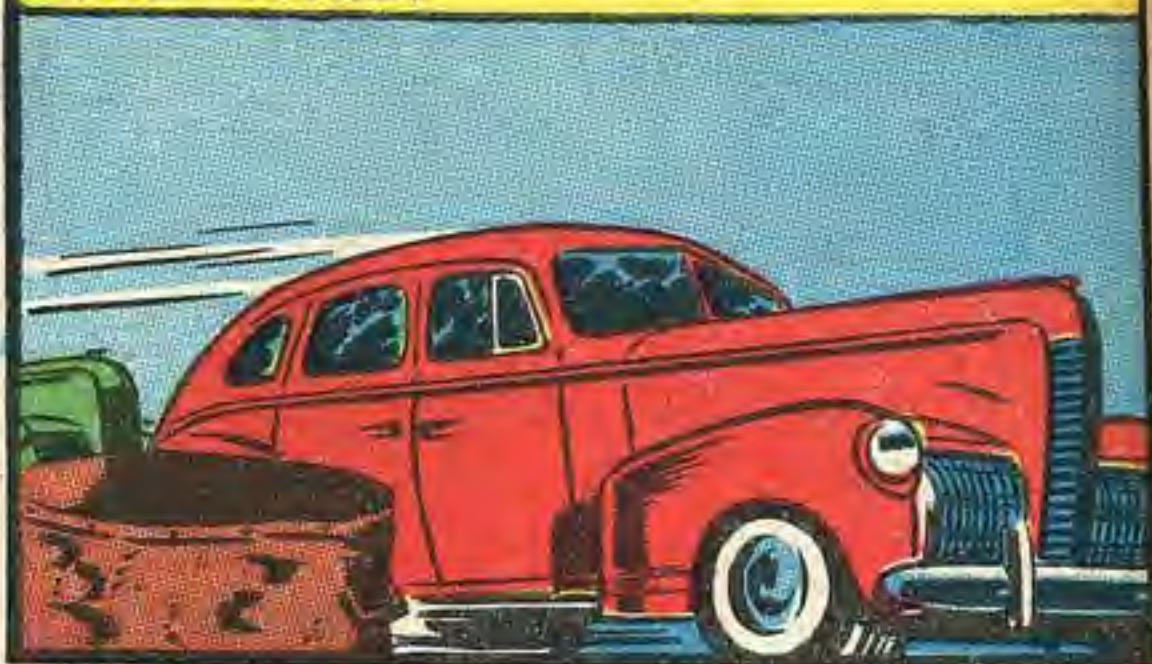
HERCULES SAVES SCABRONI'S LIFE

OKAY, LET THE COPS TAKE
CARE OF 'EM, IF YA WANT
'EM TO, BUT WE'D
BETTER GET OUT OF
HERE !!

HERCULES FLEES WITH THE LION OF THE UNDERWORLD!!



BUT SCABRONI'S GANG PICKS UP THE TRAIL!



**UNABLE TO ELUDE THEIR PURSUERS
HERCULES FORMULATES A PLAN....**



**DRIVER,
SLOW UP SO THE
CAR CATCHES US. YOU,
LION, OPEN THE DOOR ON
THAT SIDE!**



**THERE! THEY WILL
BOTHER US NO MORE!!**



**HERCULES WIPES OUT THE
REST OF SCABRONI'S GANG!**



**HERCULES IS EVERYTHING I TOLD YOU
HE WAS, ISN'T HE, LEO? GIVE ME \$5,000
FOR HIM, AND I'LL DROP
OUT OF THE PICTURE!**

**FIVE GRAND! YOU
MUST BE
NUTS!!**



**THIS GUY'S CRACKED, HERC'.
GET RID OF HIM!**

**GET RID OF
HIM! WHY!
HE IS MY FRIEND!**

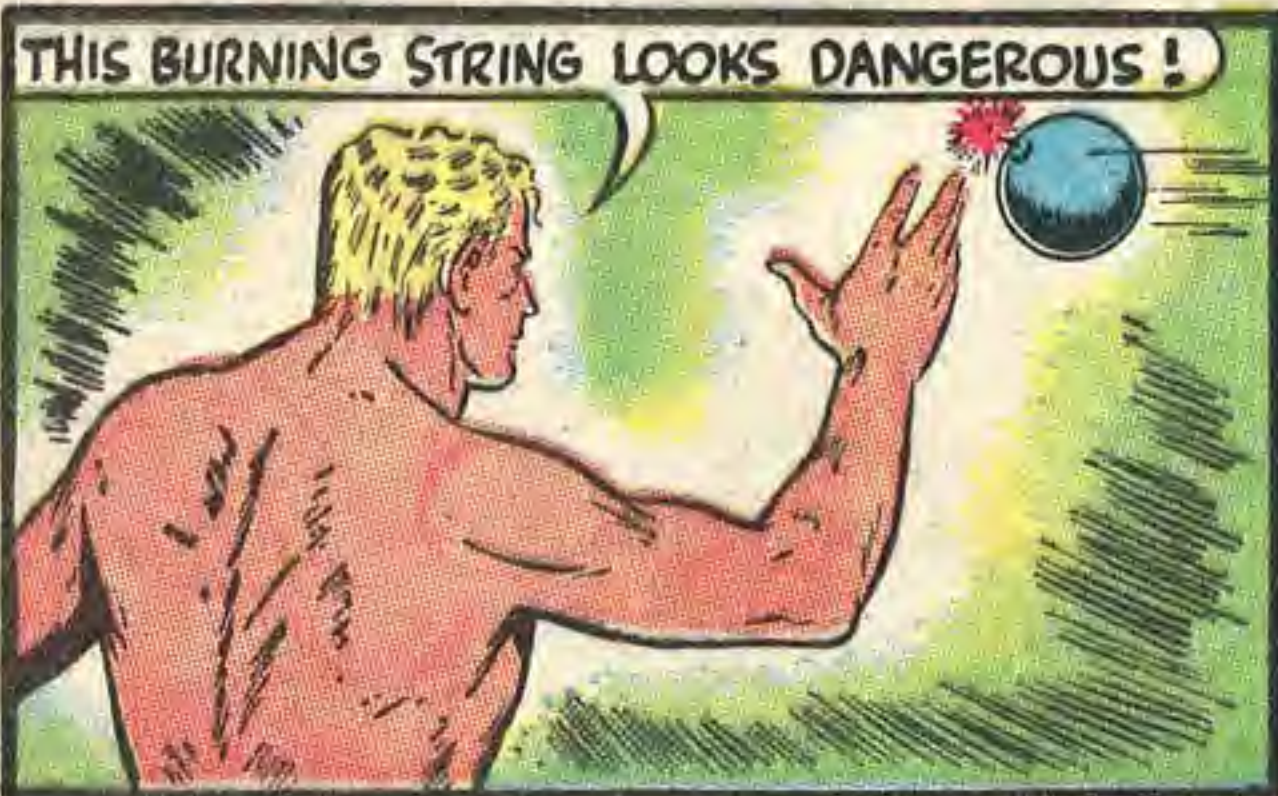




HERCULES DEFIES THE LION!



HERCULES SEES HIS FRIEND KILLED !!



YOU ARE JUST AS BAD AS THOSE OTHER MEN, YOUR ENEMIES WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU !!



YOUR MODERN WEAPONS ARE TOYS TO ME ! THEY DO NOT HURT ME !!



I WANT THE ONE THEY CALL THE LION. WHERE IS HE ?

YOU'LL NEVER KNOW !



YOU SHALL SHOW ME WHERE HE IS !!



HERCULES SIGHTS NYMIA.



MISSED YOU THAT TIME BUT I'LL GET YOU !!



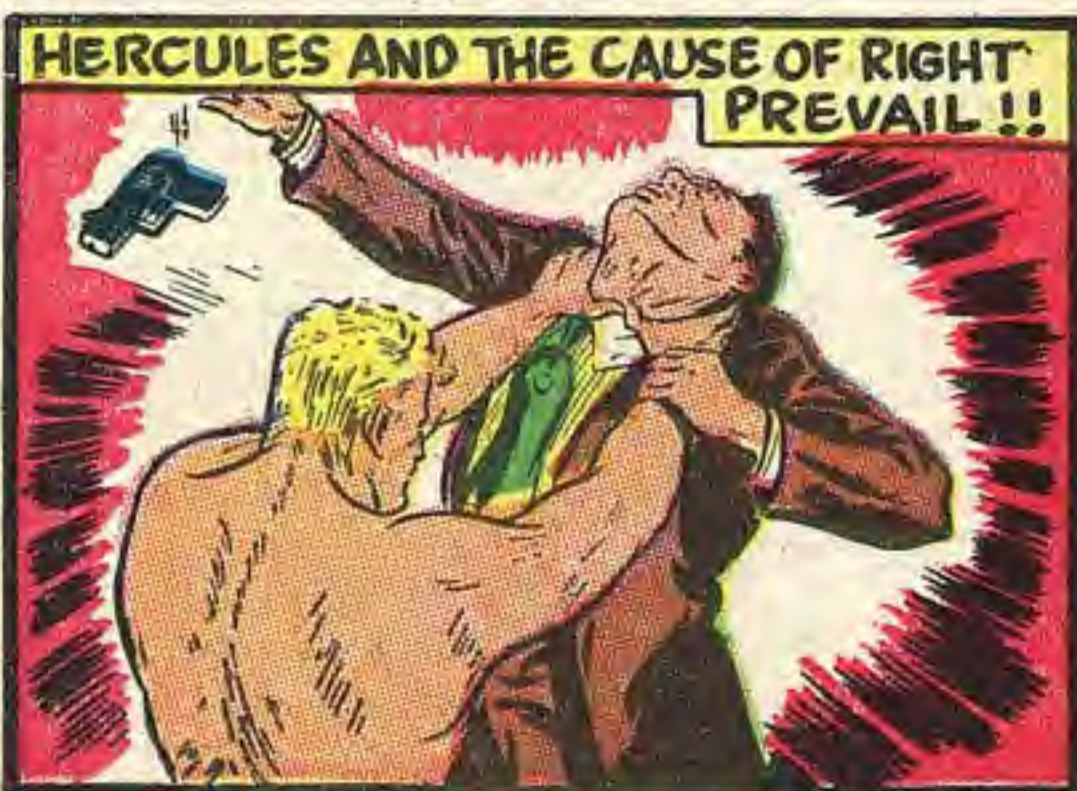
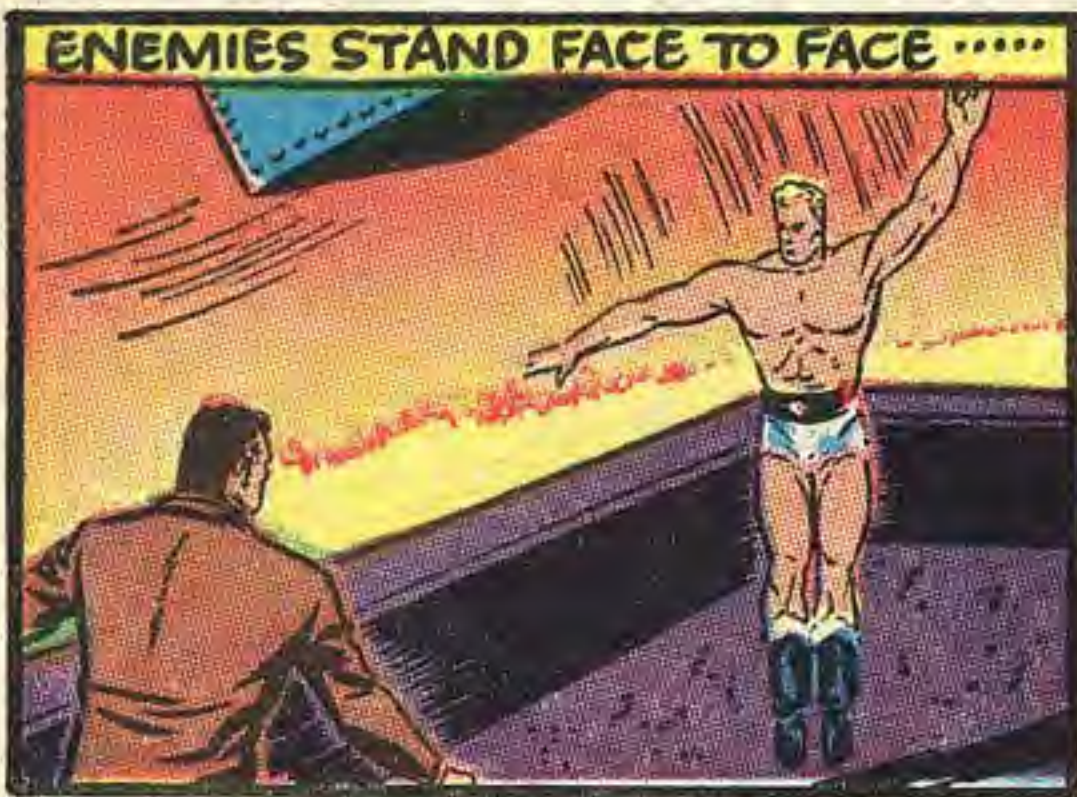
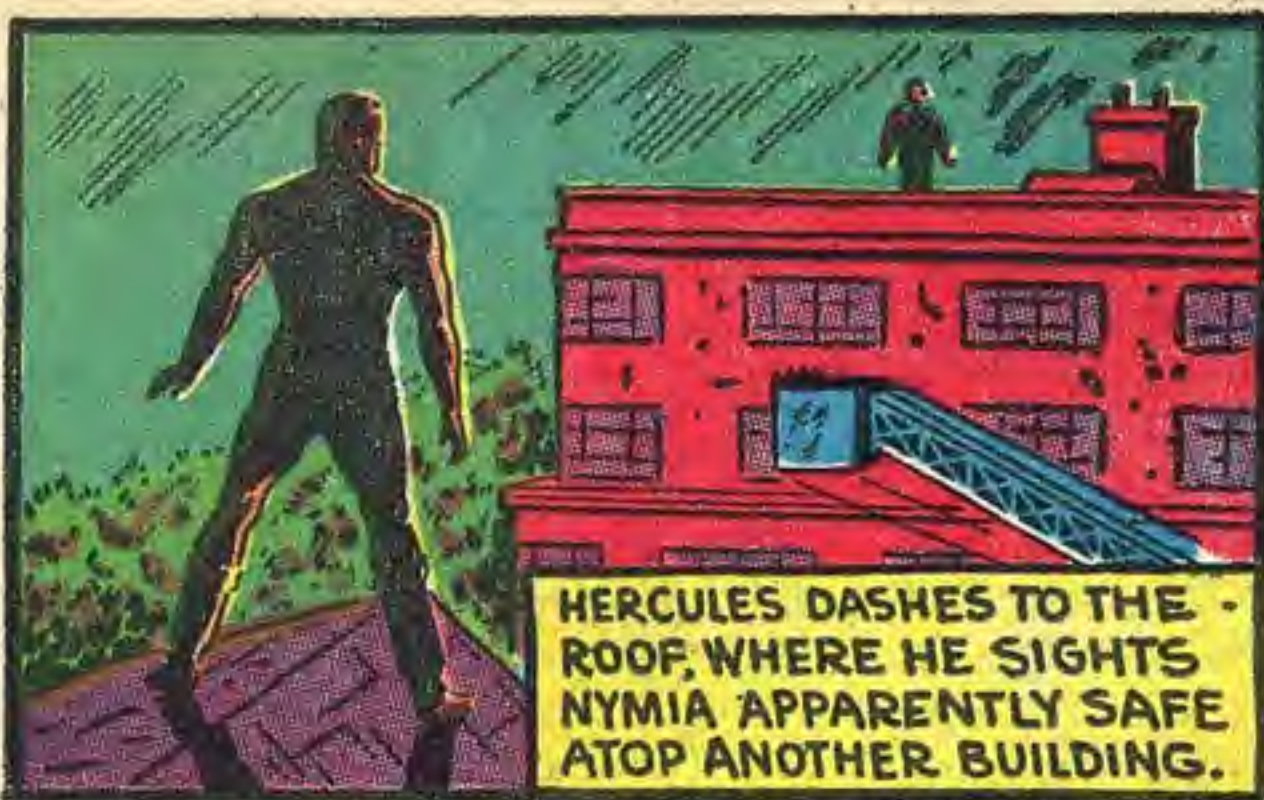
YOU STAY HERE A FEW MINUTES !



NYMIA SWIFTLY MAKES HIS WAY TO THE ROOF.

DROP ME ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THIS EXCAVATION, AND GET RID OF ANY-ONE WHO FOLLOWS ME.





GYPSY JOHNSON

ADVENTURER

GYPSY JOHNSON, TEXAN SOLDIER OF FORTUNE, IS ON A SPECIAL MISSION WITH THE FOREIGN LEGION TO NAB A NATIVE BANDIT CHIEFTAIN NAMED SHEIK TAMAH. HIS UNIT MARCHES TO RELIEVE FORT LE BOUFF WHICH IS BEING ATTACKED.



By
JOHN
BULTHUIS

THE SECOND DAY ON THE MARCH, GYPSY SPOTS A SPYING ARAB.



LEGION-
NAIRES
TO ARMS!
ARABS!



GYPSY'S SHOTS
FORCE THE
BANDITS INTO
THE OPEN.



QUITE
A PARTY,
EH LADS!

HOORAY! VIVE LE LEGION.

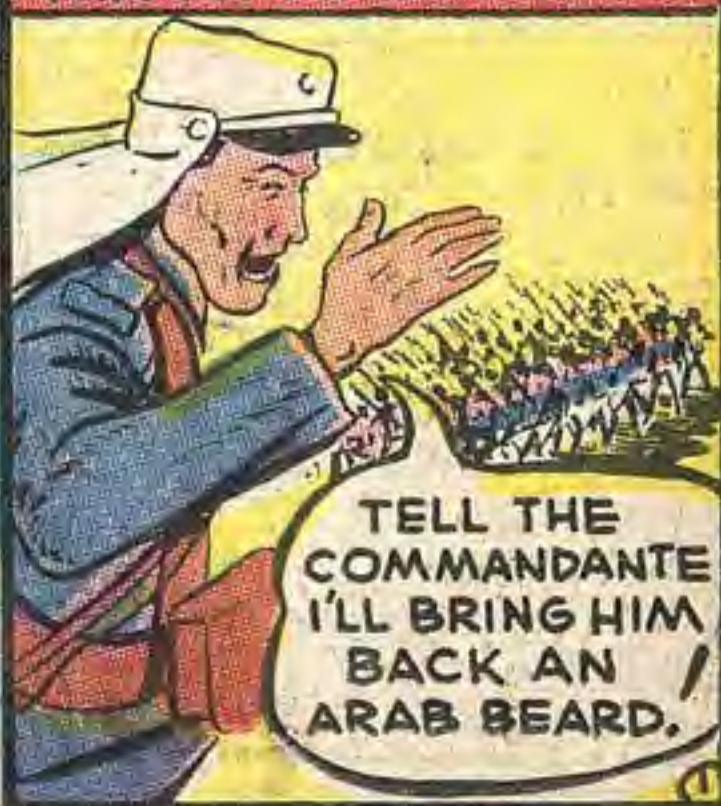


BY THE SIGN OF ALLAH
I'LL FIX THOSE INFIDELS!



THE LEADER OF THE
BANDIT FORCE, SHEIK
TAMAH, HIMSELF,
SWEARS REVENGE
FOR HIS DEFEAT.

ARRIVING AT FORT LE BOUFF, JOHNSON GOES ON SENTRY DUTY AS THE RELIEVED COMPANY MARCHES OFF.



TELL THE
COMMANDANTE
I'LL BRING HIM
BACK AN
ARAB BEARD.

THAT NIGHT

WOW



THE ARABS STORM THE FORT.



THE LONE BULLET IS FOLLOWED BY A FIERCE ATTACK.

OVER THE TOP COME THE ARABS, TO BE MET BY THE BATTLING LEGIONAIRES.



TA
RAT-TAT
TAT-TAT
TAT-TA-TA!



HAPPY
LANDINGS!



THE FIGHTING IS TOO FIERCE, THE ARABS RETREAT.

A LULL AFTER ALL NIGHT FIGHTING.



SAVE YOUR
WATER
M'SIEUR, WE
ARE IN
FOR A
LONG
SIEGE!

FORGET
IT, DRINK
UP PAL.



SEE IF THE
TELEGRAPH
OPERATOR HAS
CONTACTED HEAD-
QUARTERS, YET—
REPORT BACK TO ME!

YES,
SIR!



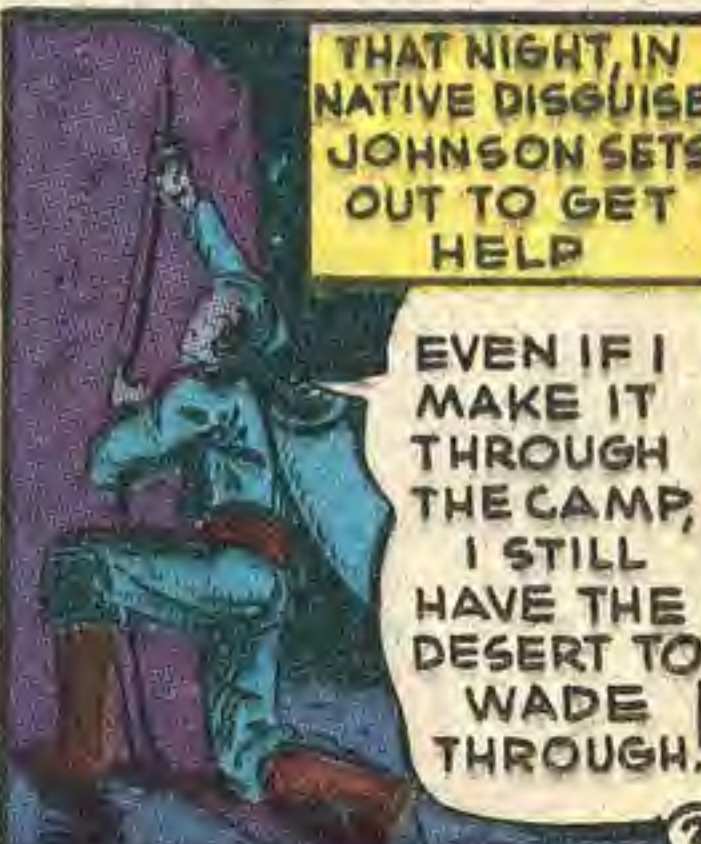
YEP! THE AERIAL
IS WRECKED—
TELL THE
LIEUTENANT
I CAN'T GET A
THING!

OK,
SPARKS!



H'MM, WE CAN
ONLY HOLD OUT
FOR 24 HOURS.
I MUST GET A
MESSAGE TO
HEADQUARTERS!

LET ME
TRY TO GET
THROUGH,
SIR.



THAT NIGHT, IN
NATIVE DISGUISE,
JOHNSON SETS
OUT TO GET
HELP

EVEN IF I
MAKE IT
THROUGH
THE CAMP,
I STILL
HAVE THE
DESERT TO
WADE
THROUGH!



THROUGH THE HEART OF THE ENEMY CAMP JOHNSON IS FORCED TO CREEP.



DOGGONE!

JOHNSON STUMBLES OVER A TENT ROPE!



TAKE THE INFIDEL TO OUR SHEIK!



EVEN IN SHEIK, WHAT'S NEW?

SILENCE! PREPARE HIM FOR TORTURE MEN!



JOHNSON IS STRUNG UP BY THE WRISTS, READY FOR CRUEL, ORIENTAL TORTURE, BUT SUDDENLY!

JOHNSON'S POWERFUL SCISSOR-HOLD THROTTLES THE LONE ARAB WHO WAS TYING HIS FEET!



THE OLD SQUEEZE PLAY!

UGGH

HALF STRANGLED, THE ARAB DROPS, UNCONSCIOUS



NOW TO GET FREE!



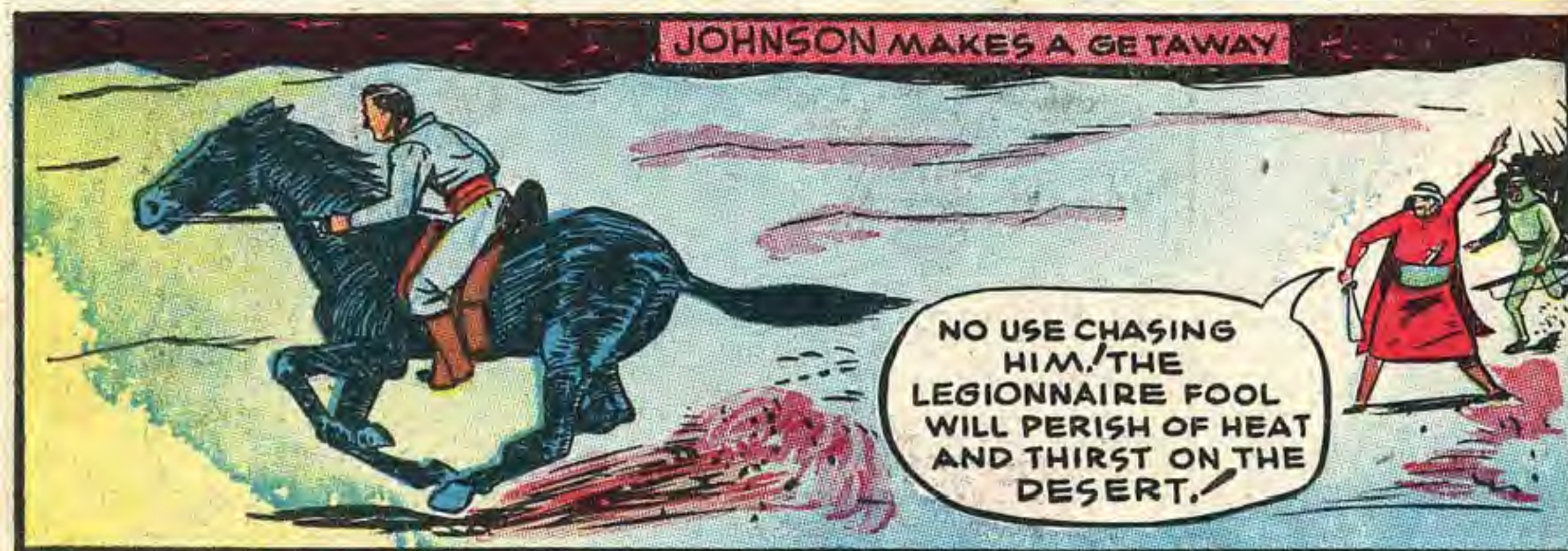
IF I CAN GET AT THOSE KNOTS WITH MY TEETH.



STRONG, WELL KEPT, TEETH COME IN HANDY.



GOT TO GET TO ONE OF THOSE FLEET ARABIAN PONIES.



JOHNSON MAKES A GETAWAY

NO USE CHASING HIM. THE LEGIONNAIRE FOOL WILL PERISH OF HEAT AND THIRST ON THE DESERT.



TOO BAD THAT HORSE COULDN'T MAKE IT. AND I'VE GOT NO WATER. AM I IN A SPOT.



AFTER A FRIGHTFUL 48 HOUR TREK, JOHNSON STRUGGLES INTO THE GARRISON AT CORDOVO.

OPEN UP!!!!



JOHNSON TELLS HIS STORY TO THE COMMANDANTE

THE FORT CAN'T HOLD OUT MUCH LONGER!

I'LL SEND PLANES AT ONCE. I'VE BEEN WANTING THAT DESERT DOG, TAMAH, FOR A LONG TIME.



THIS CHATTER GUN WILL SEND THEM SCOOTING!

LOOKS LIKE WE ARRIVED JUST IN TIME!



NOW TO
MAKE A
PERSONAL CALL
ON THE
SHEIK!



HERE
GOES!



MIND
IF I
DROP
IN FOR
A
WHILE,
SHEIKY!

HELP!

THIS IS FOR ALL
THE LEGIONNAIRES
YOU'VE KILLED,
SHEIKY!



THE FORT IS SAVED, AND JOHNSON,
ALONE, CAPTURES THE BANDIT
LEADER, SHEIK TAMAH.



WITH MY
COMPLIMENTS
SIR!

SHEIK TAMAH! M'SIEUR GEEPSY
JOHNSON YOU ARE A ONE MAN ARMEE!

ONCE MORE PEACE REIGNS OVER FORT
LE BOUFF.



WELL I GUESS THAT
ENDS MY MISSION
WITH THE LEGION,
AND NOW, ON TO
NEW ADVENTURES!

MORE THRILLS
WITH
RIP-ROARING
GYPSY JOHNSON,
ADVENTURER,
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE
OF
**BLUE RIBBON
COMICS-**

THE FOX

JOE BLAIR
AND
IRWIN HASEN

HOWDY, MISS -
THE NIGHT RIDERS
EH? MMM.....

DATTON, THIS IS RUTH
RANSOM, OUR ACE REPORTER -
YOU AND SHE WILL COVER THE
DOINGS OF THE NIGHT RIDERS!

HELLO!

PAUL DATTON, FORMER ALL-AROUND
ATHLETE AT PENN STATE, HAS
JOINED THE STAFF OF THE DAILY
GLOBE - DUE TO HIS INTEREST
IN PHOTOGRAPHY, HE EARNS A
JOB AS A STAFF PHOTOGRAPHER.

THESE MEN HAVE TERRORIZED
THE COUNTRYSIDE BY WHIPPING
FOLKS TO DEATH! TAKE THE
NEXT TRAIN TO FLEETSVILLE, AND
GET GOOD SHOTS OF 'EM,
BUT ABOVE ALL
LOOK OUT FOR
RUTH - GOODBYE
AND GOOD
LUCK!

WELL, IT WON'T BE LONG
NOW, MR. ALL-AMERICA!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER
AS THEY NEAR THEIR
DESTINATION IN THE
WEST VIRGINIA HILLS.

HERE WE ARE,
FIVE-STAR-FINAL!

YUP - HERE
WE ARE!

KIN AH
TAKE YO'
BAGS, SUH?

THE TRAIN PULLS INTO FLEETSVILLE...

YE'LL EACH HAF TO
GO TO THE HOTEL
SEPARATE, THIS-
A-WAY, MISTER!

I DON'T
LIKE THIS!

DON'T CRY,
ALL-STAR!
MOMMA WILL
MEET YOU AT
THE HOTEL!





THE SYNCRO-MESH GEAR WILL AUTOMATICALLY MOVE THE FILM FOR A NEW SHOT AFTER EACH EXPOSURE!



PAUL USES HIS TECHNICAL SKILL TO DEVELOP A SYNCRO-FLASH AUTOMATIC CAMERA!

-AND THE LENS AND FLASH BULB WILL FIT RIGHT BEHIND THE FOX EYES.



PAUL ADDS A FOX HEAD IN PHOSPHORUS PAINT!

BY RUNNING THIS CABLE RELEASE INSIDE MY SLEEVE, I'LL BE ABLE TO PRESS IT IN MY HAND AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE.



HE STRAPS THE CAMERA TO HIS WAIST.

PAUL PATTON BECOMES THE FOX!

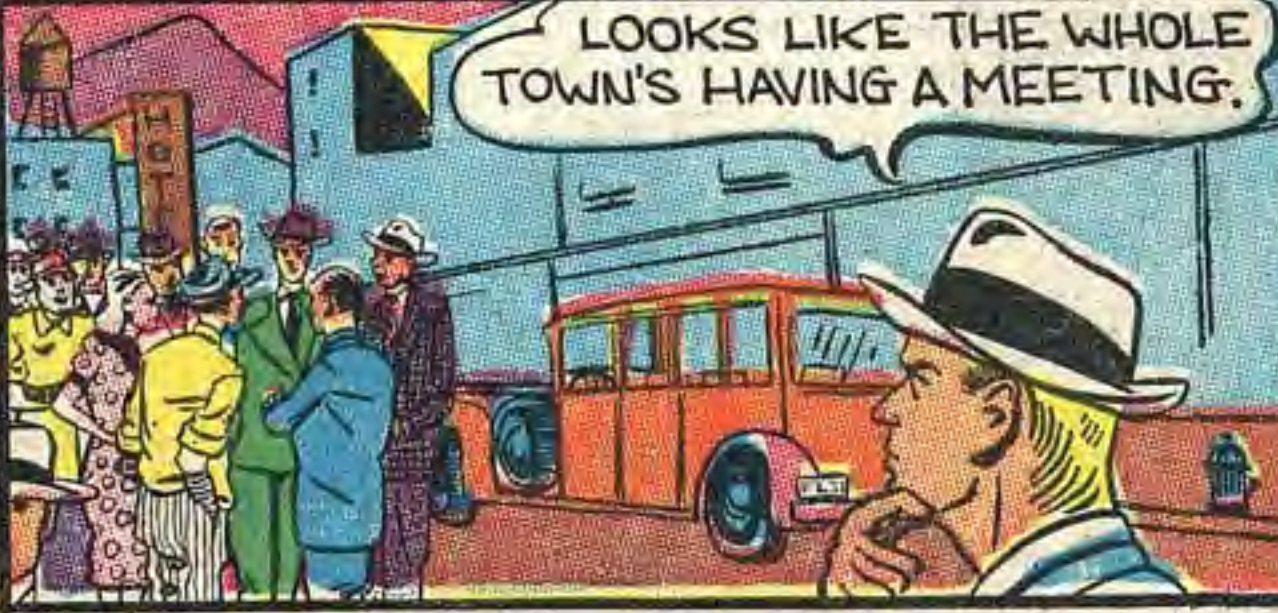


THE FOX SPEEDS TO FLEETSVILLE



IN FLEETSVILLE, PAUL DARKS HIS CAR-THEN-

LOOKS LIKE THE WHOLE TOWN'S HAVING A MEETING.



PAUL APPROACHES THE MOB...

LOOKS LIKE THINGS ARE GETTING SERIOUS - I BETTER GET GOING!

-THE NIGHT RIDERS STRUCK AGAIN, FOLKS - THIS TIME IT'S THE SHERIFF THEY TOOK!

WHAT'RE WE GOIN' TO DO?

WHUT CAN WE DO! - NUTHIN'!



THE FOX SWINGS INTO ACTION!



I GUESS I CAN
PARK AROUND HERE



OUT IN THE LONELY
MOUNTAIN COUNTRY...

YOU DEVILS, YOU'RE
KILLING THAT MAN!

SHET UP, GAL,
YOU'RE NEXT

WAL, SHERIFF, THIS'LL
LARN YA NOT TO NOSEY
IN OUR AFFAIRS!



MEANWHILE IN A FIELD, NOT FAR AWAY.

SO THAT'S THEIR PICNIC GROUNDS!
AND THEY'RE GETTING READY TO
WHIP RUTH RANSOM,
WELL-HERE GOES!



THE NIGHT RIDERS STAND PARALYZED AS
THE FOX, CAMERA CLICKING, BREAKS
INTO VIEW!

YAH YAH
YAH YAH
YAAAH!

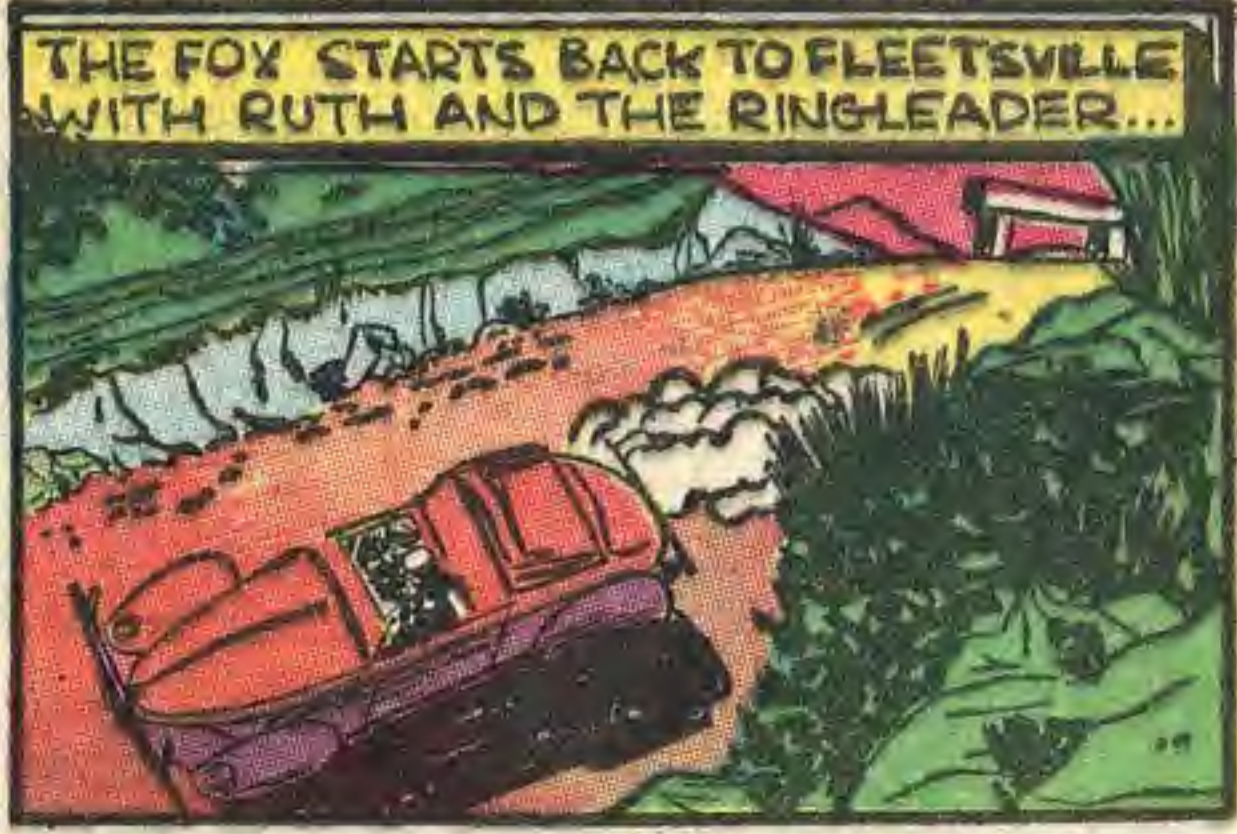
LOOKOUT
BOYS, IT
AIN'T
HUMAN!



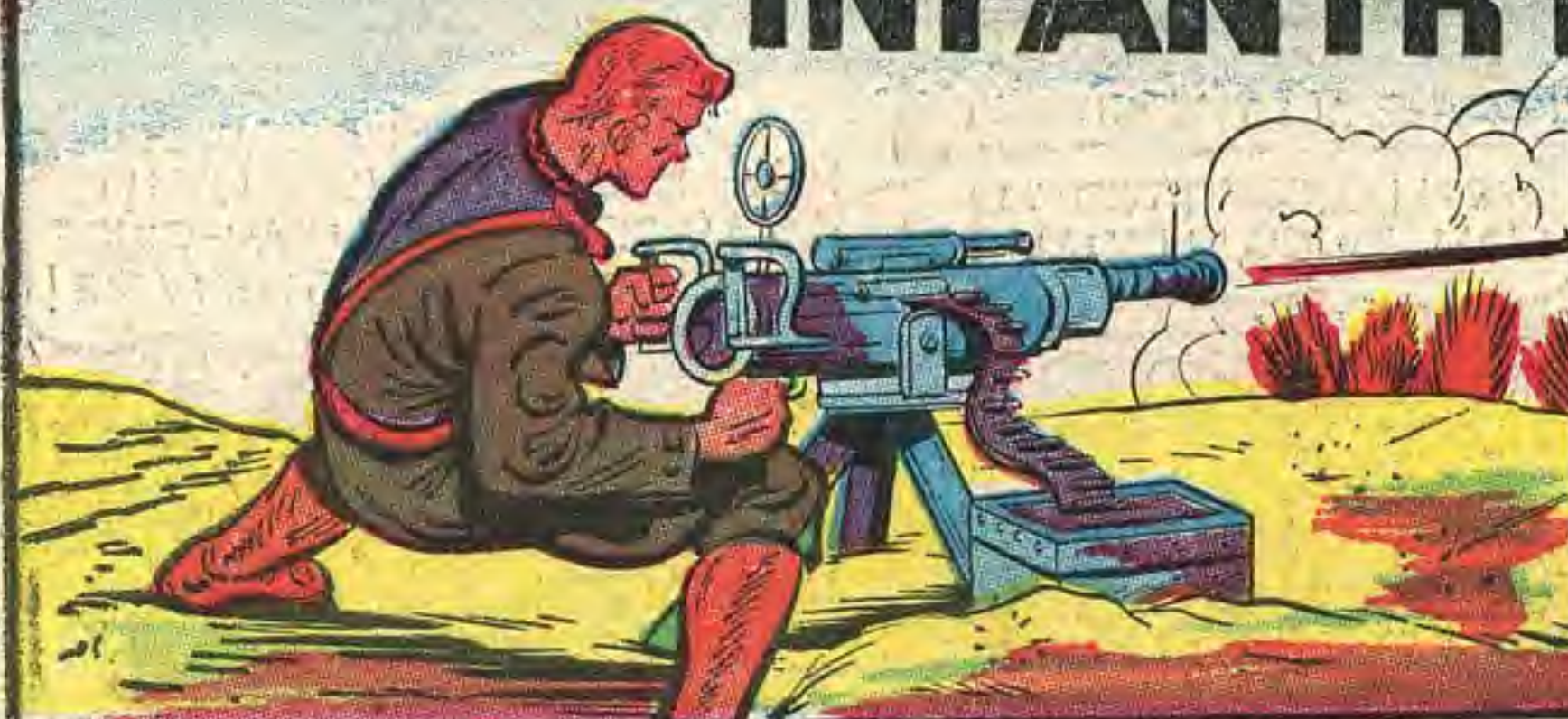
SHOOT. 'IM!

DON'T SHOOT, YE'LL
BRING EVERY TROOPER
IN THE COUNTY





Corporal COLLINS 'INFANTRYMAN'



CORPORAL COLLINS, TWO-FISTED AMERICAN, IS THE MOST ENVIED SOLDIER IN THE ENTIRE FRENCH ARMY. TIME AND AGAIN HE HAS REFUSED THE PROMOTION THAT HIS SPECTACULAR FIGHTING ABILITY HAS MORE THAN EARNED FOR HIM!



NOW COME ON, CORP, LIKE I TOLD YOU, DON'T DROP YOUR LEFT!

OKAY, SLAP-SIE!



C'MON, SLAPSIE!

GET HIM, COLLINS!

WE'LL CALL THEM TO ATTENTION!

YES, WE'LL SEE HOW THEY ACT AT A SURPRISE INSPECTION!



FALL IN! LINE UP FOR INSPECTION!



PUFF-PUFF-HURRY!

A TATTERED FIGURE STAGGERS INTO THE GYMNASIUM!



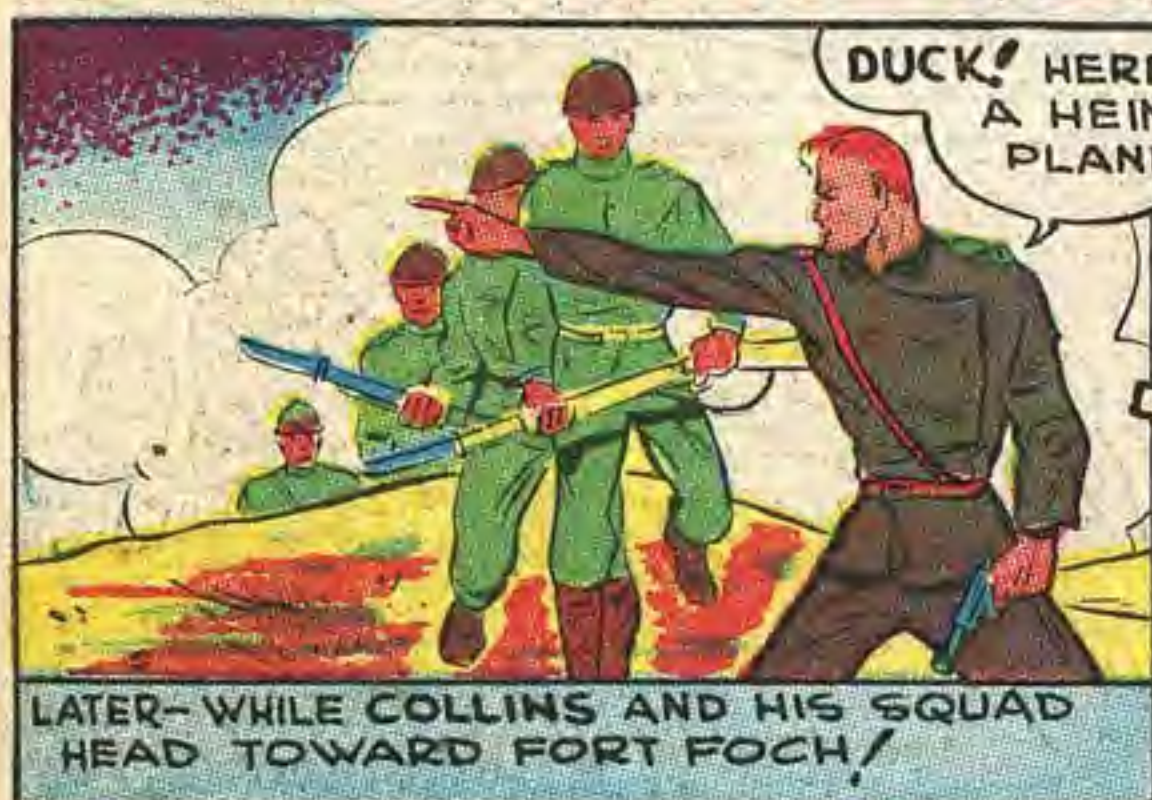
COMPANY 'C' IS TRAPPED IN OLD FORT FOCH—THEY'LL BE WIPED OUT TO THE LAST MAN!



WE NEED VOLUNTEERS — MEN WHO DON'T CARE IF.....



MY SQUAD'S READY TO LEAVE AT ONCE, GENERAL!



DUCK! HERE COMES A HEINIE PLANE!

LATER — WHILE COLLINS AND HIS SQUAD HEAD TOWARD FORT FOCH!



DIFE LOW. I GET DEM ALL IN VUN SWEEP!



I'VE GOT AN IDEA! TOSS YOUR HELMETS IN A PILE HERE! HURRY UP!



WHAT'S THIS, SOME KIND OF GAME, CORP?

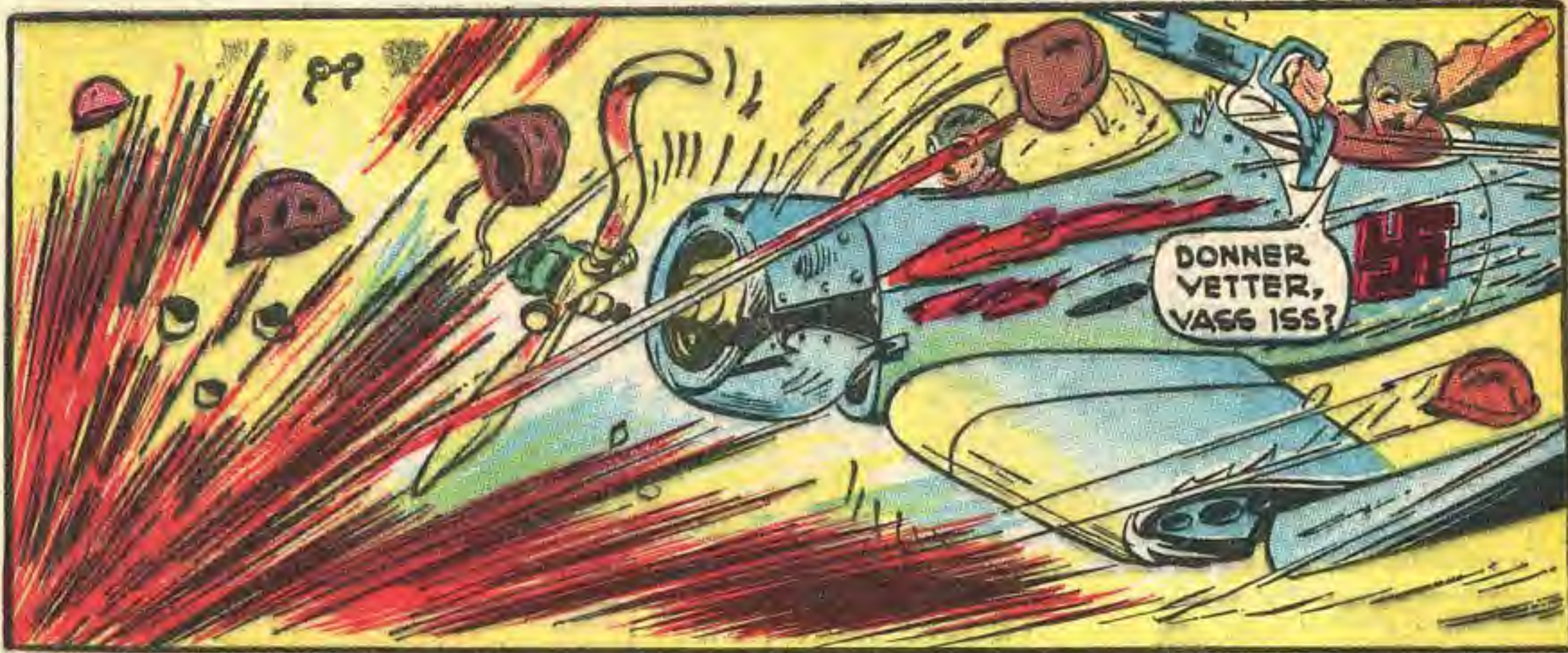
NEVER MIND THAT, MAKE IT SNAPPY, AND SCATTER!

COLLINS BITES THE PIN FROM A GRENADE!

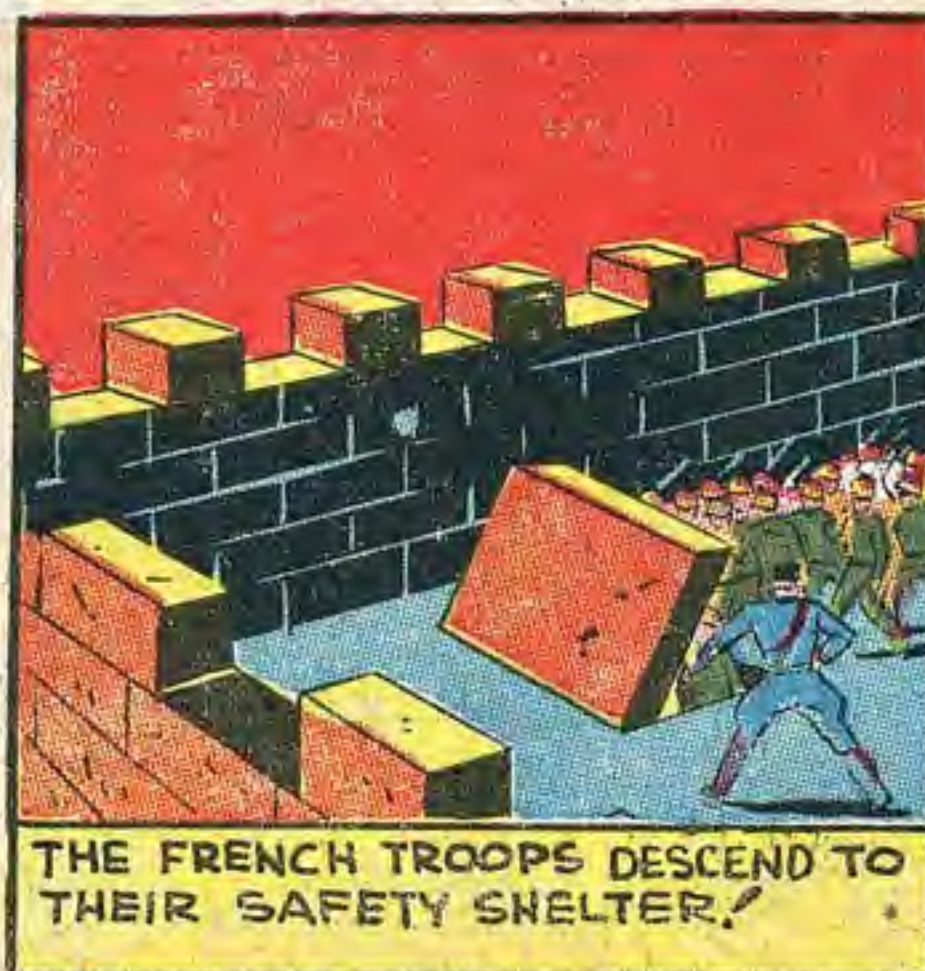


WE USED TO DO THIS WITH TIN CANS AND FIRE CRACKERS ON THE FOURTH OF JULY!











WELL, WELL,
A COUPLE OF
GROUND
HOGS!



OW



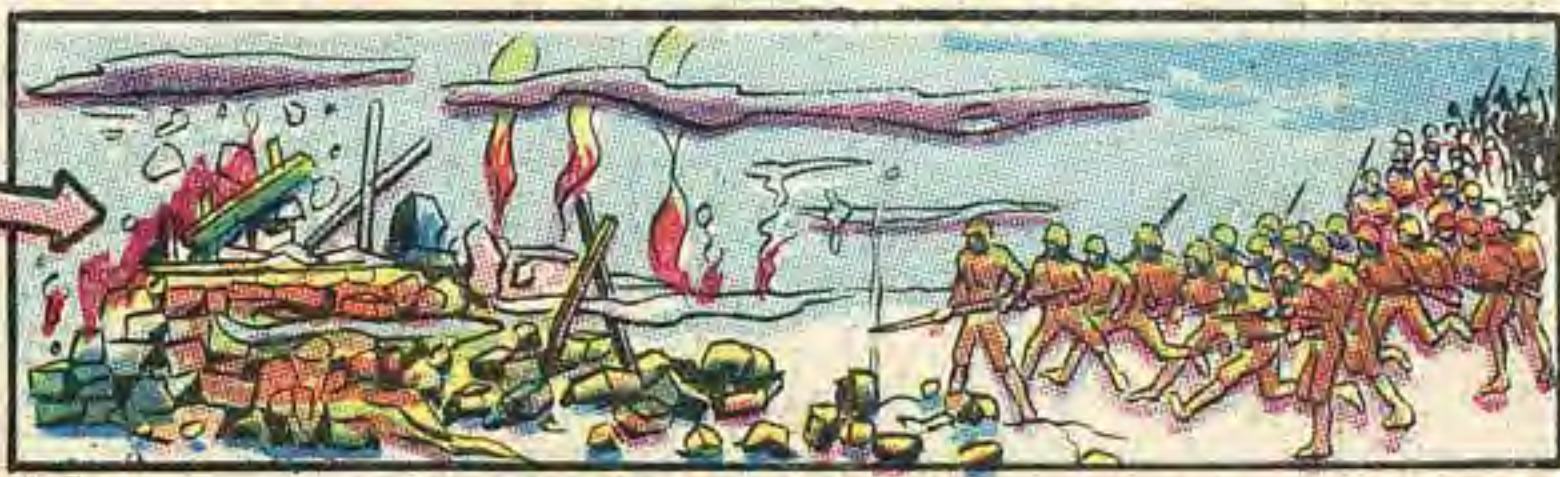
ALL'S CLEAR!
BLOW UP THE
FORT!

MEANWHILE, IN THE BOMB
SHELTER!



ACH! DOT ISS
OUR MINE. DE
BOYS DIG
VERY FAST!
PREPARE TO
VIPE UP VOT
ISS LEFT OF
DEM!

THE GERMANS SEE THE BLAST!



DOTS
VERY
FUNNY,
NO
BODIES!

HMM—
VERE ISS
EFFRY—
BODY!



THE FRENCH POUR OUT OF
THEIR SHELTER!



YOU'RE SURROUNDED ON
ALL SIDES—
DROP YOUR
GUNS!



NAPOLEON
WOULD HAVE
BEEN PROUD
OF SUCH
STRATEGY!

AW,
SHUCKS,
IT WAS
NOTHING!



GOOD! MY TANK IS
STILL IN ONE
PIECE!



YAY, COLLINS!

HE'S BACK.
GOOD
BOY!

HYA
FELLAS!



NOW LOOK CORP. YA GOTTA
KEEP YOUR LEFT UP, YA'LL
NEVER BE A FIGHTER
IF YA DON'T!

WATCH FOR
MORE
ADVENTURES
OF
CORPORAL
COLLINS
"INFANTRYMAN"
IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF
BLUE RIBBON
COMICS

HUNTING THE COYOTE

LIKE most institutions of the West, the coyote had to give way eventually to a modern development.

The coyote can outrun any animal, both in endurance and speed. It will exhaust a horse either at a slow gait or a fast one. It can easily outdistance the fleetest grayhound.

The animal never found his match for speed until some of the boys of the plains began experimenting with motorcycles. For a while the hunting of coyotes by Western youths, mounted on motorcycles or "steel bronchos" was a common sport, although a most dangerous one.

Whether the coyote is frightened into not displaying his best speed, or whether the motorcycle is the faster is a matter of conjecture, although it is only reasonable to suppose that the motorcycle is the faster. At any rate, after a few miles of racing with a motorcycle the coyote lies down and considers himself beaten.

The danger in such a hunt comes from ruts, arroyas, prairie dog burrows and other obstacles in the open plains country. Often these natural obstacles cause motorcycle and rider to turn violent somersaults and more than one boy has had his neck broken.

Besides the natural hazards an accidental and artificial hazard was provided unwittingly by the cowboys. In driving cattle across a road from one fenced area to another the cowboys were in the habit of loosening two top fence wires and stretching them across the open road to keep herds from spreading out. These top wires, glistening in the sunlight, were absolutely invisible to riders on motorcycles. After the herds had been driven the cowboys often neglected, for hours at a time, to replace the wires and open the road. The result was that several boys rode against these wires at terrific speed. The wires were about neck high and the results were complete and frightful decapitations.

There were several of these horrible accidents and then the sport of hunting coyotes on motorcycles was abandoned.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of Blue Ribbon Comics, published monthly at St. Louis, Mo., for October 1st, 1939.
State of New York } ss
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public, in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Samuel Dinerman, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the business manager of the Blue Ribbon Comics and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Editor, Louis H. Silberkleit, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Business Manager, Samuel Dinerman, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

2. That the owner is (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.)

M. L. J. Magazines, Inc., 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.; Samuel Dinerman, 160 West Broadway, N. Y., N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is— (This information is required from daily publications only.)

SAMUEL DINERMAN

(Signature of Business Manager)
Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1939. Maurice Coyne (My commission expires March 30, 1940).
Notary Public, Bronx Co. No. 102, Reg. No. 56-C-49; Cert. filed in N. Y. Co. No. 562, Reg. No. O-C-356; Cert. filed in Kings Co. No. 170, Reg. No. 360.
[SEAL]

GALAHAD GREAT NEW FEATURE
EVERY MONTH IN—

**TOP-NOTCH
COMICS**

Ty-Gor

SON OF THE TIGER

DEEP IN THE HEART OF THE MALAY JUNGLES, THE HUNTERS OF THE GAFOUBAS, TIGER WORSHIPERS, ARE ABOUT TO MAKE A KILL DESTINED TO CHANGE THE LIFE OF EVERY LIVING THING IN THE JUNGLE....



A SAVAGE STANDS WITH SPEAR POISED ABOVE THE CUBS OF MALMA THE TIGRESS...

THE TIGER CUBS ARE TAKEN TO THE GAFOUBA CAMP FOR SACRIFICIAL RITES, BUT THE WITCH DOCTOR IS ANGERED!!



THE GODS HAVE SPOKEN!! ...TO ATONE FOR THE DEATH OF THE TIGER CUBS, WE MUST OFFER A HUMAN SACRIFICE....THIS TIME IT MUST BE A WHITE BOY!!



AT THE VERY EDGE OF THE JUNGLE, AN AMERICAN SCIENTIST IS MAKING HIS TEMPORARY HOME



..... THE DREADED GAFOUBAS ARE ON THE MARCH

INSIDE THE CABIN

HE LOOKS LIKE
AN ALL-
AMERICAN ALREADY,
DOESN'T HE! I CAN
SEE THE HEADLINES
NOW! TYRONE
GORMAN, STAR
HALF BACK,
YALE, 1965.....



BUT THE GORMAN'S
HAPPINESS IS TO BE SHORT-
LIVED. OUTSIDE, THE
GAFOUBAS SNEAK UP FOR
THE KILL.



THE TIGER WORSHIPERS
COMPLETE THEIR
DREADFUL
MISSION.....



THE MEDICINE MEN
PREPARE BABY TYRONE
GORMAN FOR THE
TIGERS.....



THE INFANT IS LEFT AT
A FAVORITE WATERING
PLACE OF THE TIGERS



MALMA, THE
TIGRESS, MISSES
HER CUBS AND
BEGINS TO
SEARCH FOR
THEM.....

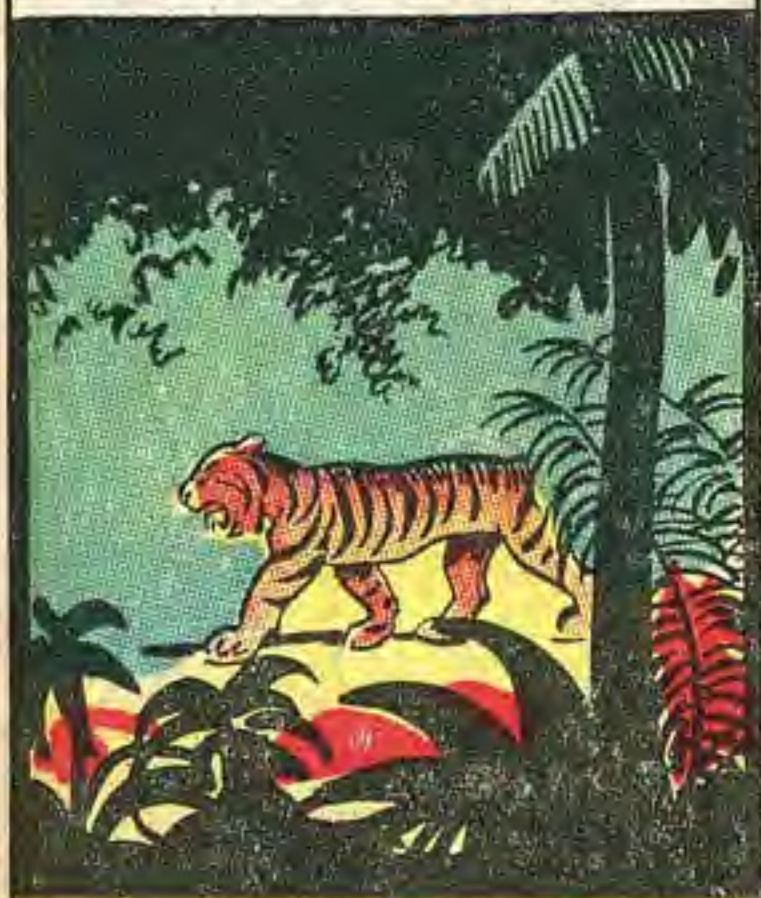
SHE COMES UPON BABY
TYRONE GORMAN



MALMA, THE TIGRESS, ADOPTS
THE BABY IN PLACE OF HER OWN DEAD CUBS!



MALMA'S MATE, JUNTO
ENTERS HIS DEN!



THE GREAT MALE RESENTS
THE BABY.....



BUT MALMA DEFENDS HER
HUMAN CUB!

MALMA SEES
THAT THE
INFANT HAS
PLENTY TO EAT.....



THE TIGERS TEACH
THE BOY TO HATE
THE WEAPONS AND
SCENT OF THE MALAYS...



WEEKS
PASS...
MALMA
AND
JUNTO
GROW
ACCUSTOMED
TO THE
NEW
CUB....



AS HE GROWS OLDER, THE BOY
LEARNS TO HUNT WITH
THE TIGERS.....!!



BUT HE HAS ALWAYS SAVED THE BABY
CLOTHES HE WORE WHEN THE
GAFOUBAS KIDNAPPED HIM.....ONLY
"TY" AND "GOR" REMAIN OF
THE ORIGINAL LAUNDRY MARK.....



THE LAD WHILES
AWAY THE HOURS
TRACING OUT THESE
SYMBOLS.....



HM!
TY-GOR.
ME
TY-GOR

TY-GOR!
NOW WHO
COULD
HAVE MADE
THOSE
MARKS?

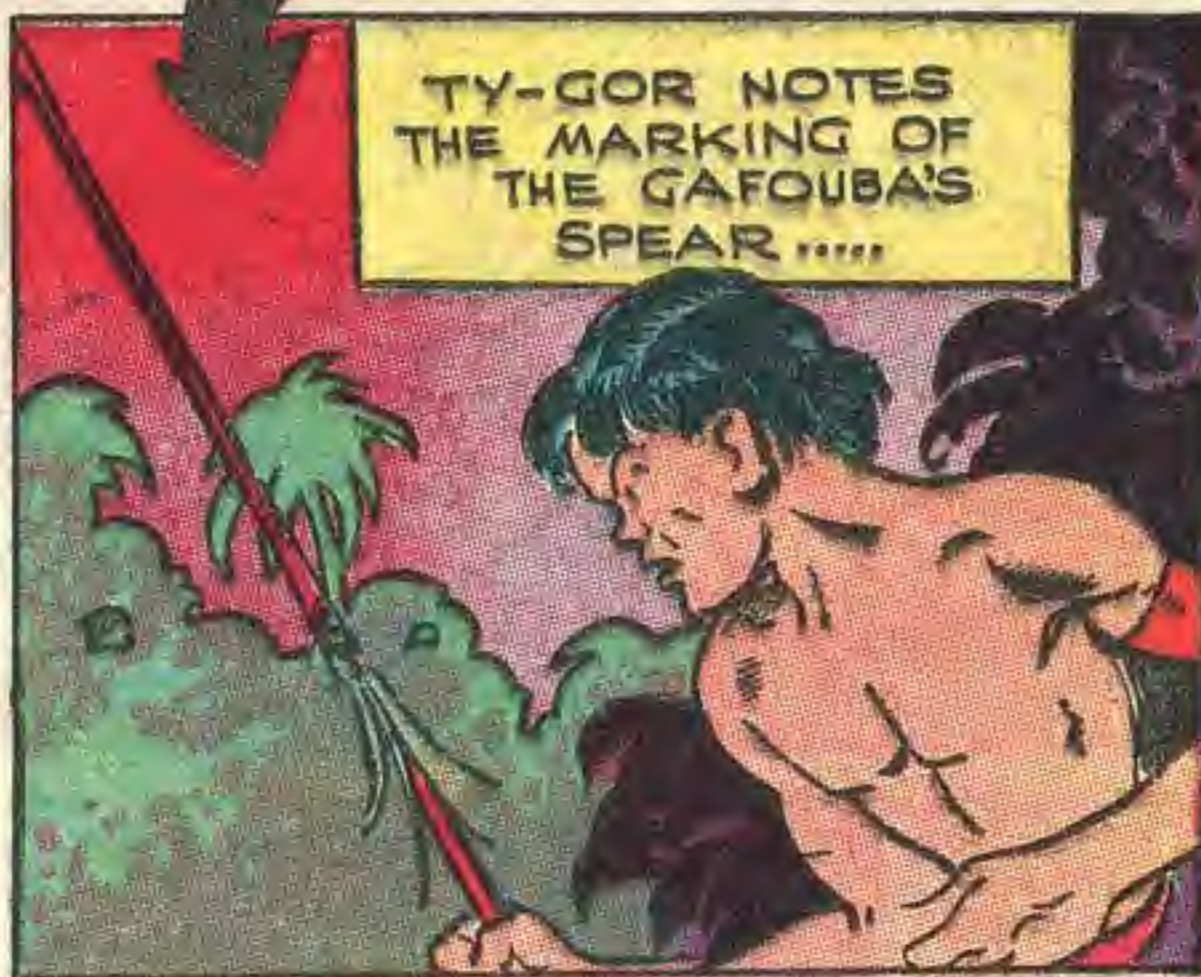
?

TWO EXPLORERS
COME ACROSS
THE STRANGE
MARKINGS



ONE DAY WHILE
JUNTO DRINKS FROM
A POOL NEARBY.....





TYGOR LEADS THE TIGERS TOWARD THE VILLAGE OF THE GAFOUBAS.... HIS FIRST GREAT ADVENTURE!!



THE NATIVES FLEE IN TERROR!

AS A SAVAGE RAISES HIS SPEAR TO STRIKE MALMA.....



TY-GOR RECOGNIZES JUNTA'S SLAYER BY HIS FEATHERED SPEAR.....



TY-GOR'S SPEAR DRIVES HOME...



TY-GOR HAS AVENGED THE DEATH OF JUNTO!!



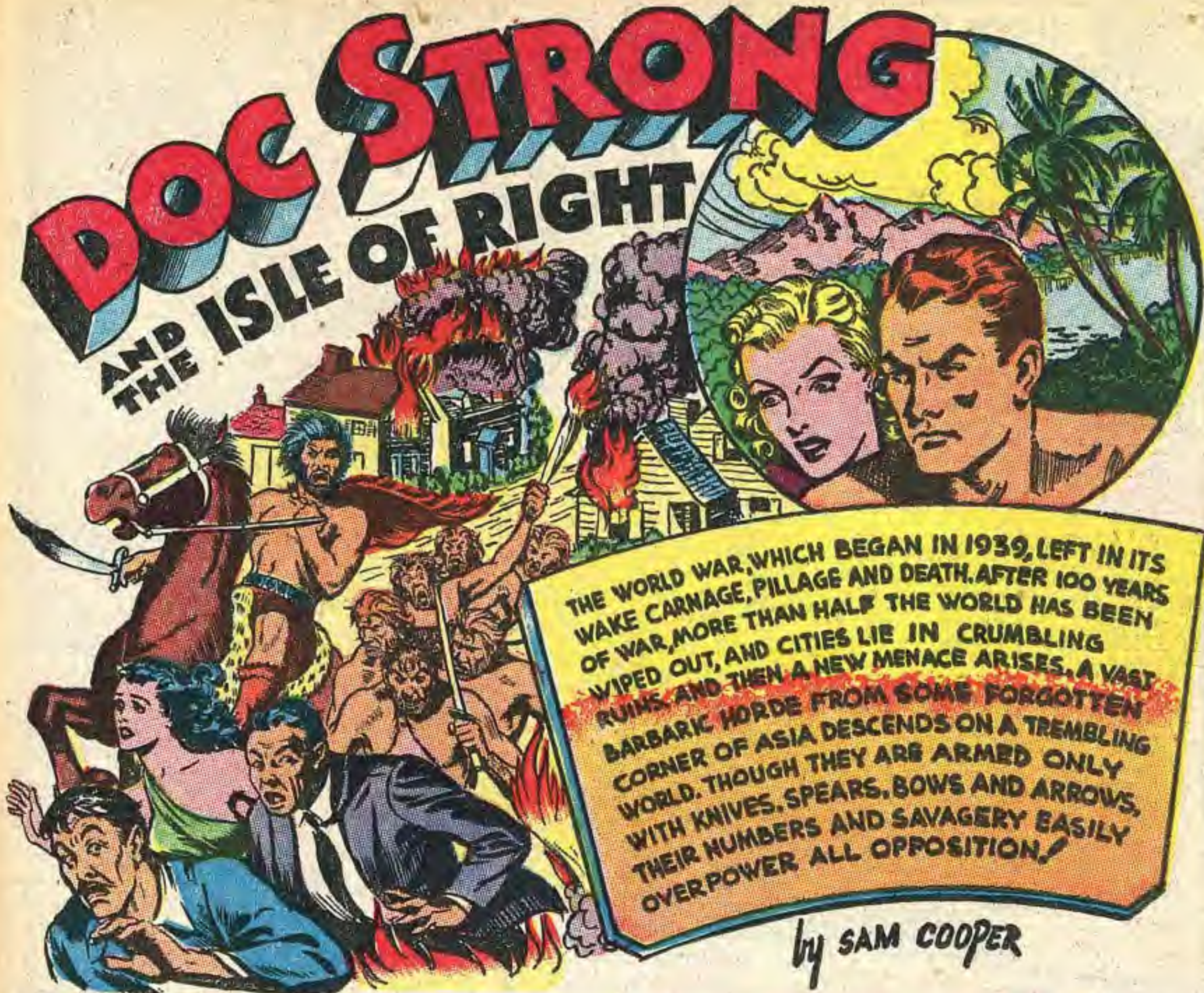
MORE ADVENTURES OF TY-GOR, SON OF THE TIGER, IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

Blue Ribbon Comics



DOC STRONG

AND THE ISLE OF RIGHT



AT THEIR HEAD IS GUSTAVE RITTER, A HALF CASTE MONGOI



RITTER BUILDS AN ENORMOUS PALACE, AND USES THE CONQUERED PEOPLE AS SLAVES!



MIRACULOUSLY ESCAPING FROM RITTER'S HORDES, DOC STRONG, FAMOUS SCIENTIST, ALICE RAYBURN, AN ATOMIC CHEMIST, AND PROFESSOR HARRISON, ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, FLEE TO THE FORESTS!

AN IDEA IS BORN!
WE MUST DO SOMETHING!



I KNOW AN UNCHARTED ISLAND IN THE PACIFIC! WE CAN BEGIN A NEW CIVILIZATION, THERE!

WE WILL CALL IT THE ISLE OF RIGHT!

WHAT'S THIS?



WHILE ON THEIR JOURNEY TO THE SEA COAST, THEY COME UPON A ONE-SIDED BATTLE!

I GUESS I CAN USE THIS HERE FOR A BAT!



A GIANT SWEDISH RIPS A TREE FROM THE GROUND WITH AN INCREDIBLE DISPLAY OF STRENGTH, AND.....

THIS BANE FUN!



I AM DR. HENRY DAVIDGE. THIS IS WALTER PARKER, THE GREAT MECHANICAL ENGINEER. AND EDWARD STUYVESANT, THE GEOLOGIST. THE BIG FELLOW IS SAMPSON SMITH, OUR COOK!



OUR UNIVERSITY WAS BURNED, AND WE HAVE BEEN HUNTED MEN EVER SINCE!

WILL YOU JOIN US IN OUR VENTURE?



DOC STRONG TELLS THEM OF HIS ISLAND!

WE CAN USE THE ISLAND AS OUR HEAD-QUARTERS TO FIGHT RITTER!

I'M WITH YOU, AND I'M SURE THE OTHERS ARE TOO!

OF COURSE I'LL COME --- FOR YOU!



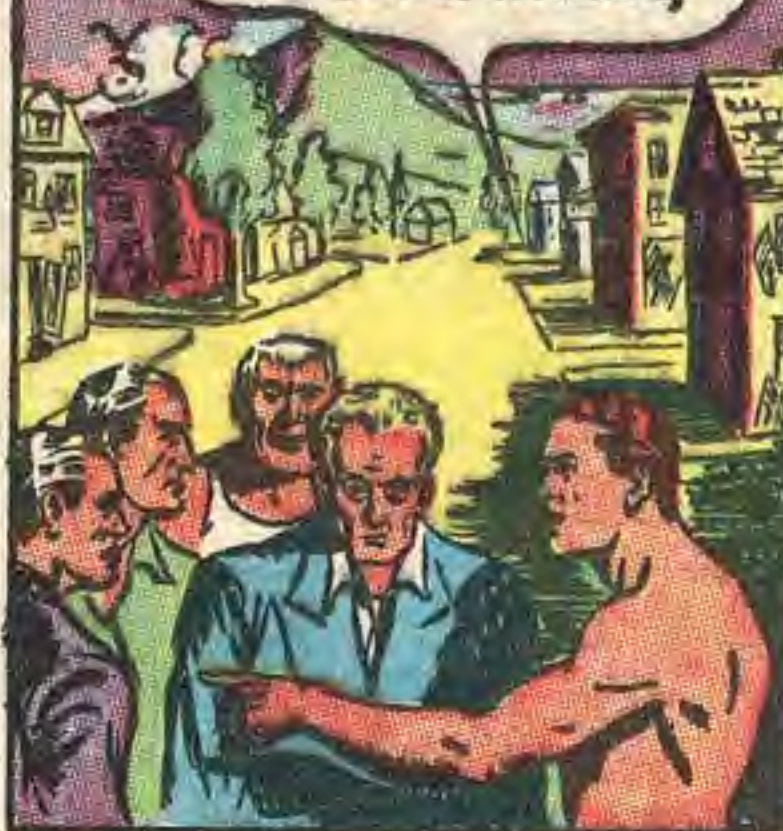
AND SO BEGINS THE WEIRD ADVENTURES OF THE ISLE OF RIGHT!

THERE IS THE PACIFIC.
NOW TO GET A BOAT!



AFTER WEEKS
OF TRAVEL!

THE VILLAGE IS DESERTED.
WE'LL SEPARATE, AND SEE
WHAT WE CAN FIND.
THERE MUST BE A BOAT
SOMEWHERE!



IT NEEDS REPAIRS.
BUT WITH THESE
TOOLS I FOUND, IT
WON'T TAKE LONG!



SAMPSON DISCOVERS
A BOAT!

DOC'S NAUTICAL KNOWLEDGE
MAKES THE BOAT
SEAWORTHY, AND
THEY BEGIN THEIR
HAZARDOUS JOURNEY!



THE BEGIN-
NING OF A NEW
WORLD!

THERE SHE
IS!



A MONTH LATER THEY REACH
THEIR GOAL, A BEAUTIFUL IS-
LAND 500 MILES SOUTH EAST
OF CHRISTMAS ISLAND!

WE'LL BUILD OUR
LABORATORIES THERE!



THEY GET RIGHT TO
WORK, AND BUILD
HOUSES AND WORK
SHOPS!

AS SOON AS
HER LABORA-
TORY IS COM-
PLETED, ALICE
PLUNGES INTO
HER RE-
SEARCHES.
AND AFTER
WEEKS OF
WORK DISCOVERS
A METHOD
OF MAKING
SYNTHETIC
STEEL FROM
THE SUN'S
RAYS!

WITH THIS DISCOVERY WE'LL
BE ABLE TO MAKE MOTORS,
AIRPLANES; ANYTHING!



SOON
DOC
STRONG
MAKES A
STARTLING
DISCOVERY.
A METHOD OF SOLID-
IFYING
SHADOWS!



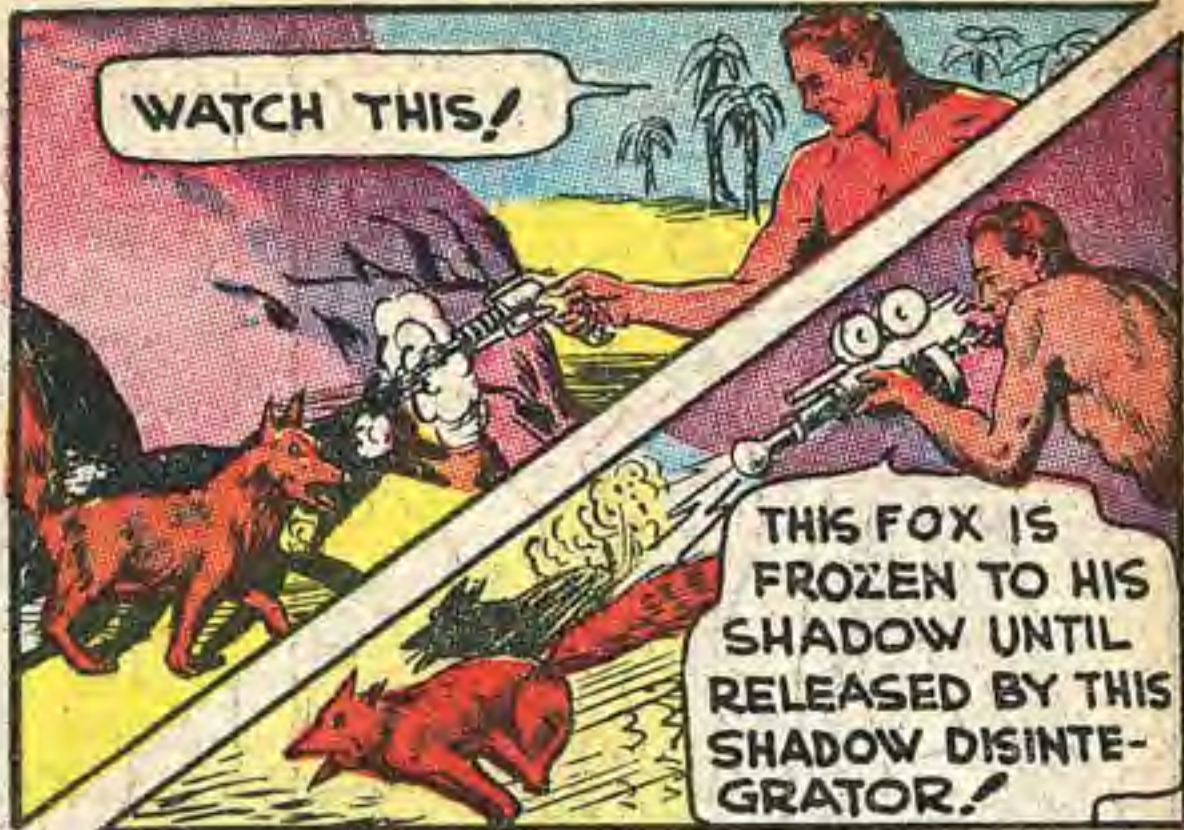
WE HAVE
IT!!



THIS GUN SHOOTS A BULLET WHICH, WHEN IT HITS A SHADOW, EXPLODES, FORMING A GAS THAT IMMEDIATELY SOLIDIFIES THE SHADOW!



WATCH THIS!



THIS FOX IS FROZEN TO HIS SHADOW UNTIL RELEASED BY THIS SHADOW DISINTEGRATOR!

OUR FIRST JOB IS TO RELEASE RITTER'S PRISONERS!

AND WE CAN BRING THEM HERE!



THAT NIGHT THE INHABITANTS OF THE ISLE OF RIGHT DISCUSS THEIR PLANS

PROFESSOR HARRISON, YOU TAKE THE DIRIGIBLE. THE REST OF US WILL USE THE PLANE!



AFTER MONTHS OF LABOR, AN AIRPLANE AND DIRIGIBLE ARE BUILT!

THE PLANE SOON ARRIVES AT RITTER'S PALACE!

WE'LL LAND BY THE GATE!



THE BARBARIANS ARE FROZEN - EN TO THEIR SHADOWS!

BLACK MAGIC!



DOC STRONG SOON LANDS AND.....

THIS WILL KEEP THEM STILL FOR AWHILE!

THIS BANE ONE WAY OF GETTING IN!



THAT'S RIGHT, COME ON, ALL OF YOU, OUT INTO THE SUNLIGHT!

DOC SHADOW-GUNS ALL THE BAR-BARIANS HE CAN FIND!



AND NOW FOR YOUR CHIEF!



YOU WON'T NEED THESE KEYS ANYMORE!



WILL YOU HELP US OVERTHROW RITTER?

THANK YOU FROM THE BOTTOM OF OUR HEARTS!

YES!

DOC RELEASES THE PRISONERS!



AS DOC STRONG LEADS THEM TO THE DIRIGIBLE.....

WATCH OUT, DOC, LOOK!



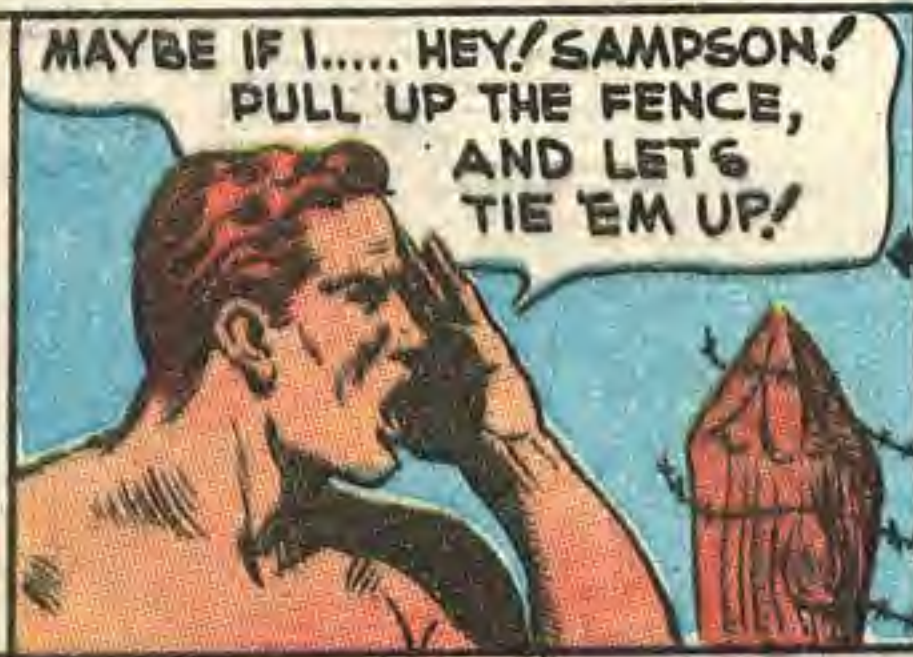
THIS WILL STOP THEM!



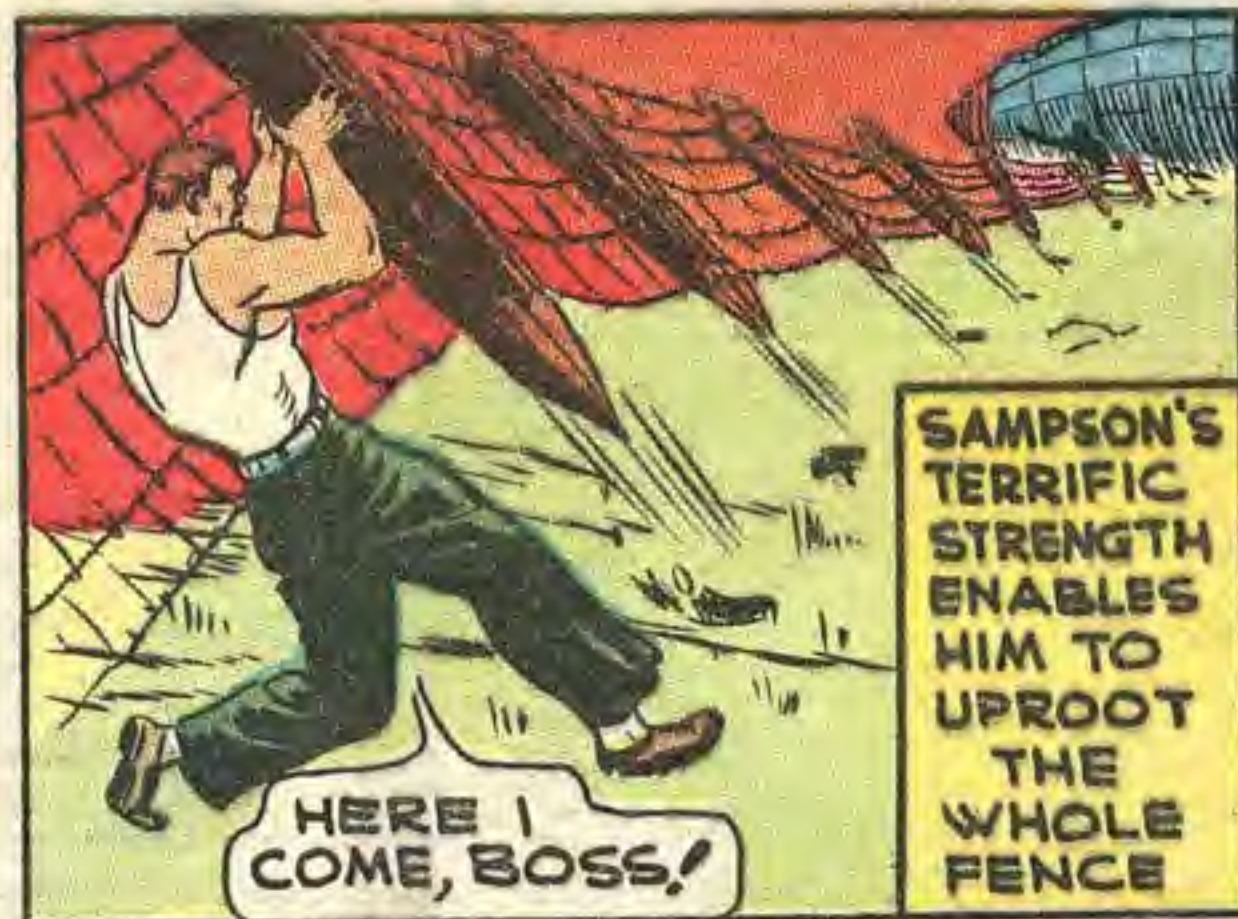
IF I FIRE, WE'LL
BE SEALED UP
IN THE SHADOW
OF THE AIR-
SHIP!



THE BARBARIANS ROAR DOWN,
EAGER FOR THE KILL!

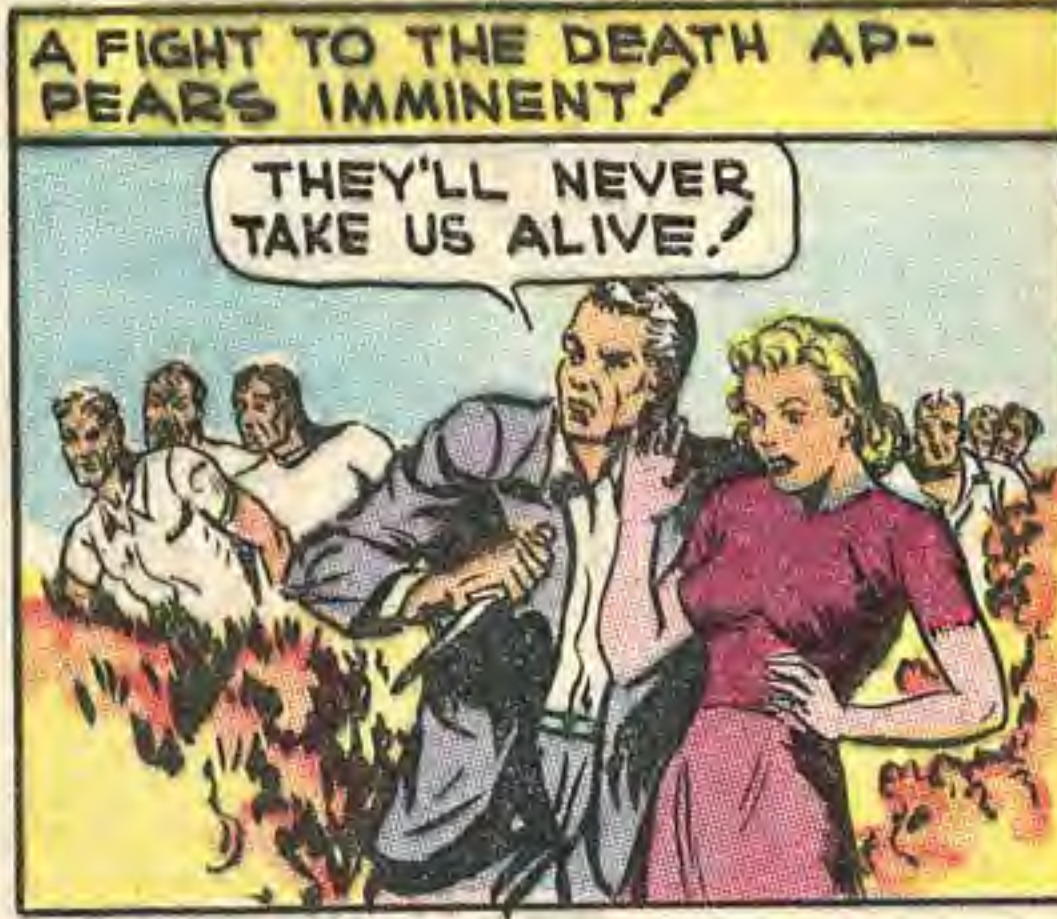


MAYBE IF I..... HEY! SAMPSON!
PULL UP THE FENCE,
AND LET'S
TIE 'EM UP!



HERE I
COME, BOSS!

SAMPSON'S
TERRIFIC
STRENGTH
ENABLES
HIM TO
UPROOT
THE
WHOLE
FENCE



A FIGHT TO THE DEATH AP-
PEARS IMMINENT!

THEY'LL NEVER
TAKE US ALIVE!



ATTA BOY, SAMPSON! THIS IS
GONNA BE SOME FISH STORY!



WRAP 'EM NICE
AND SNUG,
SAMPSON!

HO, BOSS! WE BANE GET
OUT OF JAM BY GETTING
THEM INTO JAM!



SO LONG BOYS!
PLEASANT SQUEEZE!



FILLED WITH FREED
PRISONERS, THE DIR-
IGIBLE SETS OFF FOR
THE ISLE OF RIGHT!



I'LL DISINTEGRATE THEIR
SHADOWS BEFORE I
LEAVE!



WE STRUCK OUR FIRST BLOW
FOR LIBERTY AND THE ISLE OF
RIGHT! WONDER WHAT RITTER WILL
SAY!

HOME-WARD BOUND!



WHAT!! WE MUST RE-
CAPTURE THEM. THE
DOGS SHALL DIE A
THOUSAND DEATHS!

WHEN
RITTER
IS TOLD,
HE
FALLS
INTO AN
INSANE
RAGE

LOOK FOR FURTHER ADVENTURES OF,
'DOC STRONG' IN
THE NEXT ISSUE OF, BLUE RIBBON COMICS®

DIPSY AND DOODLE

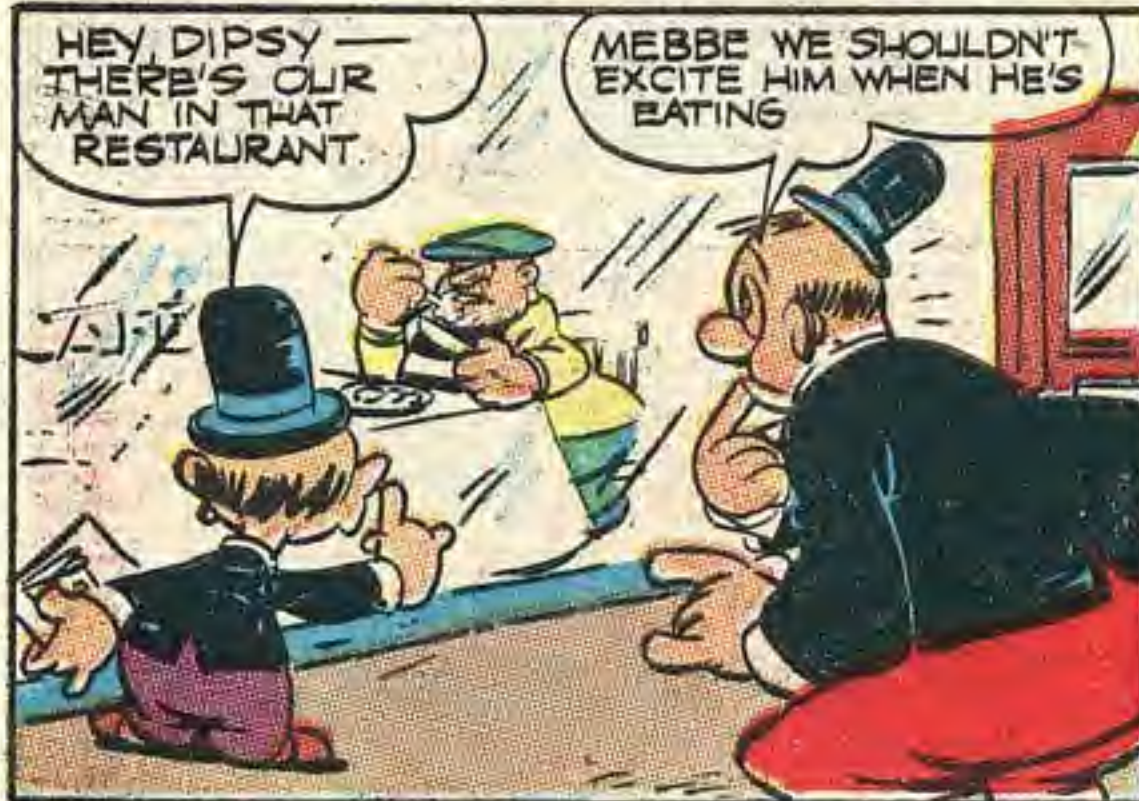
DAFFY DETECTIVES

BY QUINCY

LISTEN, YOU DUMB DOPES —
EITHER YOU BRING IN HOMICIDE
HOGAN DEAD, ALIVE OR ANYWAY
OR I TAKE AWAY YER NICE
NEW POLICE WHISTLES

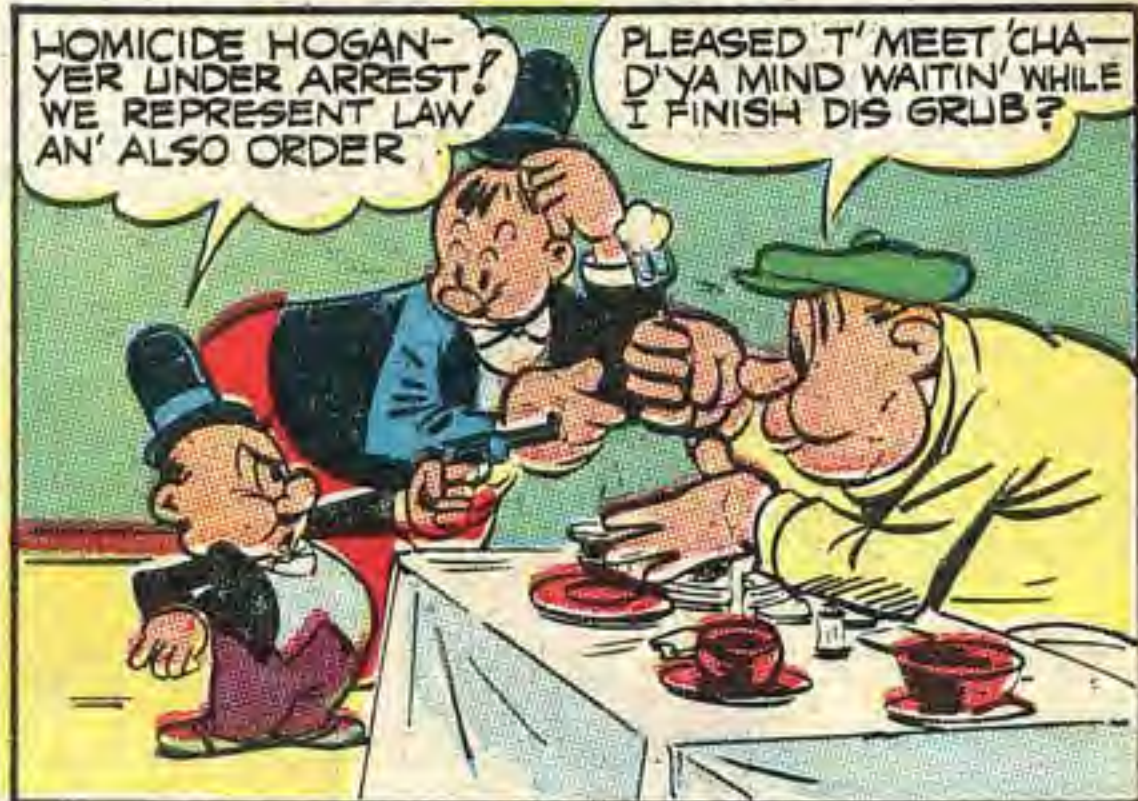
TUT-TUT,
CAP —
CONSIDER
MR. HOGAN
AS GOOD AS
YOURS.

MEBBE
BETTER



HEY, DIPSY —
THERE'S OUR
MAN IN THAT
RESTAURANT.

MEBBE WE SHOULDN'T
EXCITE HIM WHEN HE'S
EATING



HOMICIDE HOGAN —
YER UNDER ARREST?
WE REPRESENT LAW
AN' ALSO ORDER

PLEASED T' MEET 'CHA —
D'YA MIND WAITIN' WHILE
I FINISH DIS GRUB?



YOU GOT ME FAIR AN' SQUARE,
BOYS — BUT WOULD YA MIND
IF I DUCK IN HERE FOR A
SHAVE? I WOULDN'T WANT
TO BE BROUGHT IN LOOKIN'
LIKE A TRAMP.

OKAY — IT MIGHT HELP
YA TAKE A BETTER
PITCHER FOR TH'
ROGUE'S GALLERY.

SHAVE
13¢

WITH
RAZOR
14¢



AH — THAT'S BETTER —
OH, GEE — THERE'S A
MOVIE I BEEN TRYIN'
T' SEE FER WEEKS —
D'YA MIND?

ALL RIGHT — YA MIGHT NOT
GET A CHANCE TO GO
WHEN YER IN JAIL — WE'LL
WAIT HERE.

THERE?

YEH — RIGHT
HERE.



LOOKS LIKE HE
AIN'T COMIN' OUT
WE BEEN DUPED.

DOUBLE-DUPED!
AN' WE TRUSTED
HIM COMPLETELY
ALMOST.



YA MEAN HE GAVE YEZ
TH' SLIP? WELL WHY
DIDN'T YA GO INTO TH'
MOVIES WITH HIM?

BUT CHIEF —
WE ALREADY
SEEN TH' PICTURE?

LOOP LOGAN

Air Ace

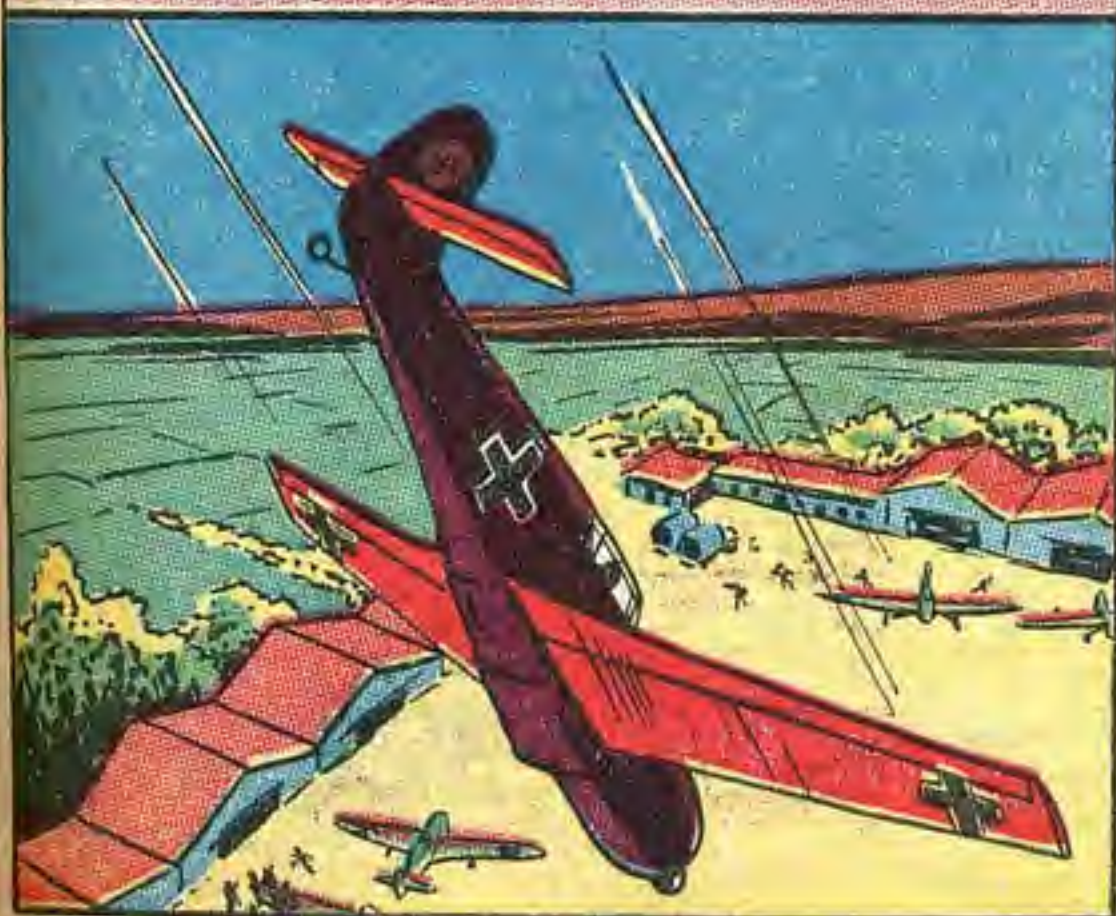
HARD LUCK HAS BEEN STRIKING WITH MYSTERIOUS PERSISTENCY AT THE FRENCH 40TH PURSUIT SQUADRON ON THE WESTERN FRONT! DAY AFTER DAY, FRENCH PILOTS HAVE BEEN LURED INTO AIR TRAPS AND TOTALLY DESTROYED!



LOOP LOGAN, AMERICAN STUNT FLYER, WHO SIGNED UP WITH THE FRENCH, HAS BEEN ASSIGNED TO THE ILL-FATED 40TH. ONE MORNING HE IS SUMMONED BY THE C.O.!



OUTSIDE, A PLANE POWER DIVES TOWARD THE FIELD!



THE
GERMAN
ACE
STRAIGHT-
ENS OUT
OF HIS
DIVE,
AND
DROPS
A MES-
SAGE!



LOGAN PICKS UP THE MESSAGE AND
READS.....



LOOKS LIKE I
HAVE A DATE
THIS AFTERNOON,
MAJOR!

THEY KNOW THAT YOU ARE THE
LAST ABLE BODIED FLIER
I HAVE LEFT!



MAYBE I CAN LEARN WHO
IS BEHIND ALL OUR
TROUBLES!

OUI! AS
YOU
WISH!



LOOP PREPARES TO TAKE OFF!

SO LONG GANG. IF I DON'T COME
BACK, YOU CAN SPLIT UP
MY ADDRESS
BOOK!



AMAZING
PEOPLE, THESE
AMERICANS!

I GOT A
DATE WITH AN
ANGEL!



A FEW MINUTES LATER LOGAN SIGHTS AN
ENEMY PATROL!

HE GUNS DOWN ONE OF THE NAZI SHIPS.



LOOP
LOGAN,
GREATLY
OUTNUM-
BERED,
BATTLES
ON WITH
TIGERISH
FURY
AND
DARING!

OKAY, BOYS,
YOU ASKED
FOR IT... SO...



LOOP ZOOMS OUT OF GUN RANGE, AND
THE NAZIS' CROSS-FIRE STRIKES
THEIR OWN PLANES!

HERE GOES!



NOW, I AM IN A
PICKLE! THE BLAST-
ED BELT HAS JAMMED!



BOY! AM I
GLAD TO SEE
THOSE LIMEYS



JUST THEN... A BRITISH PATROL
JOINS THE FIGHT!

WHEN THE GERMAN'S ARE DRIVEN OFF, LOOP LOGAN CHECKS HIS AMMUNITION BELT!

IMAGINE IF THIS THING HAD JAMMED WHEN I WAS FIGHTING THE BLUE DUKE! --- HEY! WHAT'S THIS?



SOMEONE DELIBERATELY STUCK THIS PEG INTO MY BELT!

THE GUN BELT FIXED, LOGAN ARRIVES AT THE SPOT APPOINTED FOR THE DUEL!

NOW FOR THE BLUE DUKE!



SUDDENLY THE BLUE DUKE'S PLANE LANCES TOWARDS HIM!

HERE HE IS!



THE TWO COMBATANTS MANEUVER FOR POSITION!

HE'S JUST DODGING ME. HE KNOWS MY BELT WAS TAMPERED WITH. HE'S WAITING FOR MY GUNS TO JAM!

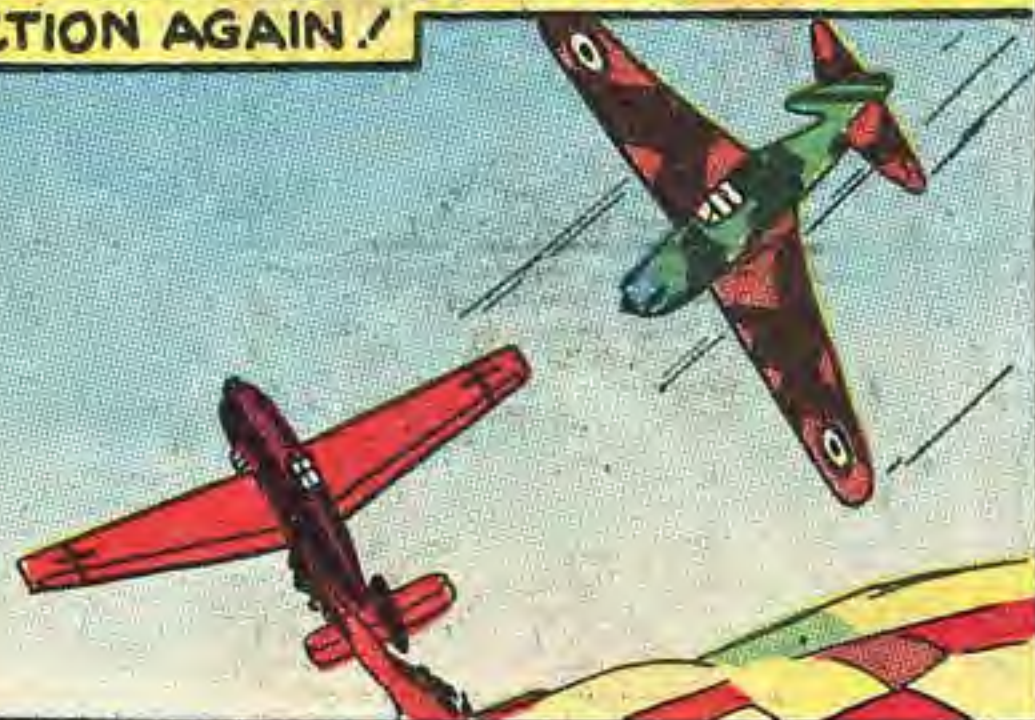


I'LL STOP FIRING, AND PLAY WITH MY GUNS — NOW, LET'S SEE WHAT HE DOES!



IT WORKED! HERE HE COMES!

LOOP LOGAN'S GUNS ROAR INTO ACTION AGAIN!



AND STRIKE HOME IN THE BLUE DUKES FUEL TANK!

ACH!
FIRE!



THINK I'LL
TAKE A
LOOK AT
THIS BLUE
DUKE!



NO! NO! DON'T
SHOOT, LOOP!
IT'S ME -
VILLON...
HAVE MERCY!



LIEUTENANT VILL-
ON! WELL, I'LL BE
STRAFED!

PUZZLED
ABOUT
VILLON'S
PRESENCE
IN THE
PLANE
OF THE
BLUE
DUKE..
LOGAN
LANDS
!!

SOMETHING TELLS
ME I'M ABOUT TO
FIND THE ANSWER
TO A LOT OF
THINGS!



SO YOU WERE THE SPY RESPON-
SIBLE FOR GETTING OUR
SQUADRON
WIPED OUT!
WHERE'S
BOYER?



I...OOOH! MY
BACK! I...I'M SHOT!

BUT
VILLON'S
INJURY
IS
FEIGNED.
HE
WHIPS
OUT A
LUGER
WHEN
LOOP'S
BACK IS
TURNED.

YOU ARE CLEVER! BUT
NOT QUITE
ENOUGH,
AMER-
ICAN
SWINE!



OOOFF!



LOOP SOON REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.

WHEN! SOME SOCK...BOYER YOU !!

SHH! QUIET CAPTAIN LOGAN!



EET IS BIEN ZAT YOU HAVE NOT ZEE FALSE TEETH!

UGH!



LOGAN PEEKS INTO THE NEXT ROOM...

PSST! BOYER..

I'M WORRIED ABOUT LEAVING THOSE TWO PRISONERS IN THE SAME ROOM!

RELAX GUT-MAN, THEY WILL BE SAFE!



THE FRENCHMAN AND AMERICAN MAKE A DESPERATE BREAK!

(RIGHT THROUGH CENTER! THE AMERICAN WAY!

ACH, HIMMEL! STOP!



THEY MAKE THEIR BREAK OUT THE WINDOW TOWARD SOME IDLING PLANES!



PARDON MY BLUNTNESS, BUT WE'D LIKE TO BORROW THESE MES-SERSHMITDS!



LOOP AND BOYER MAKE A QUICK GETAWAY AND CIRCLE BACK OVER NAZI HEADQUARTERS.

CAPTAIN LOGAN! WE SHALL DROP ZE EGGS? OUI?

OUI, LIEUTENANT! RIGHT BACK IN ZE NEST!



(DON'T SAY WE NEVER GAVE YOU ANYTHING, HEINIES!

NAZI BOMBS, FROM NAZI PLANES, DEMOLISH NAZI HEADQUARTERS!



SEVERAL DAYS LATER, LOOP LOGAN IS DECORATED...

OH! ZE BRAVE CAPTAIN LOGAN!

THANK GOODNESS THE GANG BACK IN THE STATES CAN'T SEE THIS..

STREAK THROUGH ANOTHER ADVENTURE WITH LOOP LOGAN

IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF

BLUE RIBBON COMICS ..



SHORTEN & ASHE

The GREEN FALCON

AT THE END OF THE 12TH CENTURY, IN THE REIGN OF KING RICHARD THE LION HEARTED, ALL ENGLAND WAS ABLAZE WITH THE FIRES OF THE CRUSADING SPIRIT. KNIGHTS VIED WITH EACH OTHER IN THE PERPETRATION OF DEEDS OF DARING. MOST HEROIC OF ALL WARRIORS WAS THE GREEN FALCON, AN UNKNOWN KNIGHT, WHO COMMITTED ACTS OF DARING, AND KINDNESS, AND THEN WAS WHISKED BACK INTO THE MISTS FROM WHENCE HE SEEMED TO COME.

OUR STORY OPENS IN ENGLAND WHEN PRINCE JOHN, KING RICHARD'S BROTHER, SAT ON THE THRONE WHILE RICHARD WAS ON A CRUSADE AGAINST THE GARACENS.



Prince John's HERALDS ANNOUNCE THE JOUSTING MATCHES TO BE HELD IN THE ROYAL ARENA.

PRINCE JOHN HAS A LAST WORD WITH HIS FAVORITE KNIGHT, SIR BOLTYN, BEFORE THE JOUSTS.



I HAVE PERSUADED THE FAIR MARION, RICHARD'S WARD, TO WED THE WINNER OF THE JOUSTS!

FEAR NOT, MY LIEGE. THAT SHALL BE MYSELF.

HAHA! PERHAPS MY FEARLESS BROTHER WILL NEVER RETURN. THEN I SHALL RULE ENGLAND WITH AN IRON HAND!



LADY MARION, FAIREST CREATURE IN ALL ENGLAND.



I CRAVE YOUR INDULGENCE MY LORD. THE JOUSTS ARE PREPARED, AND DO BUT AWAIT YOUR PRESENCE.

THE GREATEST JOUSTING MATCH IN THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND IS ABOUT TO BE WAGED, TO DETERMINE THE MIGHTIEST WARRIOR IN THE LAND, AND TO AWARD THE VICTOR, THE HAND OF THE BEAUTIFUL LADY MARION, IN MARRIAGE —



PRINCE JOHN AND THE LADY MARION PREPARE TO VIEW THE PROCEEDINGS.

SIR BOLTYN WILL MAKE YOU A SPLENDID MATCH, MY DEAR.

HE HAS NOT YET WON, MY LORD.



YOU DARE PIT YOUR LANCE AGAINST MINE.



PRINCE JOHN'S PREDICTION SEEMS ON ITS WAY TO FULFILLMENT, AS SIR BOLTYN UNHORSES ALL HIS OPPONENTS.

THE HERALDS ARE ABOUT TO PROCLAIM SIR BOLTYN THE GREATEST WARRIOR IN THE SERVICE OF THE KING.

AND NOW THE PROUD MARION WILL BE FORCED TO MARRY ME.



SUDDENLY AN UNANNOUNCED KNIGHT MAKES HIS APPEARANCE!

I CHALLENGE YOU, SIR BOLTYN-TO HORSE.

DO YOU THINK I WOULD CROSS LANCES WITH A SHABBY KNAVE, SUCH AS YOURSELF.



BUT THE ONLOOKERS
RECOGNIZE
THE GREEN FALCON'S
RIGHT TO CHALLENGE

METHINKS SIR BOLTYN
SHOWS THE WHITE
FEATHER!



WHO IS THE
SCURVY
FELLOW
MY
LORD?



I DO NOT KNOW,
BUT IT WOULD
BE BEST IF
YOU FOUGHT
HIM!

SIR BOLTYN FOLLOWS THE
CUSTOM OF THE KNIGHTS
BEFORE THE FINAL
OPPONENT HAS BEEN
SUBDUED.

WILL YOU GIVE ME
YOUR TOKEN, FAIR
LADY, THAT I MAY
REPRESENT YOU
IN VICTORY?

WHY....
ER....



BUT THE
GREEN
FALCON HAS
OTHER IDEAS.

YOUR FAVOR,
LADY MARION.



LADY MARION
FAVORS THE
HANDSOME
KNIGHT WITH
HER GLOVE.

SIR BOLTYN, BURNING WITH
HATRED, DECIDES TO DO
AWAY WITH THE GREEN
FALCON, BY FAIR MEANS OR
FOUL!

I'LL STRAP MY-
SELF TO MY
STEED, SO THAT I
CANNOT FALL OFF.
MY LANCE SHALL
PIERCE THE
KNAVE'S HEART!



THE LAN-
CERS
DRAW
APART

FLESH AND BLOOD WOULD SEEM INCAPABLE OF WITHSTANDING SUCH A WITHERING ONSLAUGHT.



THE GREEN FALCON MEETS SIR BOLTYN'S SPLINTERING THRUST WITH SUCH STRENGTH, THAT SIR BOLTYN IS OVERTURNED, HORSE AND ALL.



THE GREEN FALCON DISAPPEARS AS SWIFTLY AS HE ENTERED.

FAREWELL! RICHARD IS MY KING!



THE GREEN FALCON SHALL PAY FOR THIS DAY'S WORK!

I AM RELEASED FROM MY BETROTHAL TO SIR BOLTYN MY LORD!



UNDER PRINCE JOHN'S REIGN HIGHWAY ROBBERY FLOURISHES. BUT THE GREEN FALCON SPRINGS UP EVERYWHERE LIKE A FIERCE PHANTOM TO GIVE BATTLE TO THESE FORCES OF INJUSTICE!



DEATH TO THIEVES, AND A BLIGHT UPON THE REIGN OF JOHN THE BUTCHER

RUN FOR YOUR LIVES! IT'S THE GREEN FALCON!



MEANWHILE, RICHARD THE LION HEARTED IS ON THE MARCH TO THE HOLY CITY, IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST THE SARACENS.

THERE MUST BE NO TURNING BACK. THE HOLY CITY MUST BE RECAPTURED!



BUT MY LORD, OUR SCOUTS REPORT THAT THE FIERCE SARACENS AWAIT US IN LARGE NUMBERS. WE MUST HAVE REINFORCEMENTS!



BUT RICHARD DISREGARDS THE ADVICE OF HIS COUNSEL, AND FEARLESSLY PURSUES HIS COURSE.



FOLLOW, BRAVE ENGLISHMEN! WE CONQUER, OR DIE!



THE WAITING SARACENS ARE MET UP WITH, AND SANDS BECOME RED WITH BLOOD.

ONE OF RICHARD'S KNIGHTS SUDDENLY MAKES A STARTLING DISCOVERY!

THE SARACENS HAVE CAPTURED OUR KING!



THE NEWS OF RICHARD'S CAPTURE SOON REACHES HIS BROTHER JOHN.

I SHALL SEE TO IT, SIR BOLTYN, THAT RICHARD NEVER RETURNS!



ONE NIGHT—THE GREEN FALCON MAKES HIS WAY PAST THE PALACE GUARDS TO THE WINDOW OF LADY MARION.



LADY MARION—LADY MARION!

THE GREEN FALCON! I THOUGHT I SHOULD NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN!



I COME TO BID YOU GOOD-BYE. I GO TO RESCUE RICHARD.

BUT A PAIR OF HOSTILE EYES
DISCOVER THE PRESENCE OF
THE GREEN FALCON.

HA, THE FOOL
WILL LOSE
HIS LIFE /
FOR THIS!



THE PALACE GUARDS ARE SENT TO SLAY
THE GREEN FALCON.

KILL HIM!



THE GREEN FALCON
HAS NO TIME TO
SEIZE A WEAPON.



HE THROWS THE FORE-
MOST GUARD INTO
THE FACES OF THE
OTHERS!



THE GREEN FALCON DOES
NOT SEE THE SKULKING
FIGURE, READY TO DEAL
DEATH FROM BEHIND!



BUT LADY MARION SEES!
AND WITH UNERRING AIM
HURLS A STOOL AT THE
ASSASSIN!



THE GREEN FALCON
MAKES A HASTY
DEPARTURE!

FAREWELL, BRAVE
KNIGHT, HEAVEN BE
WITH YOU!



FAREWELL,
LADY
MARION!

HOW WILL THE GREEN
FALCON FARE IN HIS
MISSION TO RESCUE
RICHARD, THE LION
HEARTED?
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